Behind the Italo-Greek War *by Joseph Starobin*

FIFTEEN CENTS

November 5, 1940

NEW MASSES

How FDR Killed the New Deal

By A. B. MAGIL

Good-night to *PM*

The rise and fall of a newspaper

By PAUL G. McMANUS

"For Whom the Bell Tolls"

A review of Ernest Hemingway's new novel

By ALVAH BESSIE

Neither Willkie Nor FDR

An Editorial on John L. Lewis' Speech

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Between Ourselves

Wolf, Wolf . . .

A FRIEND of ours said the other day: "Is it really as bad as you say? You know you've cried 'wolf' so often I can't tell." The fact is we *have* cried "wolf," and God knows we've done it more often than we ever wanted to, but unlike the fable, in our case the wolf was always there. This magazine, boycotted by advertisers, is always in danger. But when that danger becomes *critical*, when it threatens to close our doors, then we cry out. When we say "wolf" we mean the printer and paper company primarily. We borrowed money, got notes, dug up loans to see the summer through . . . those three months when income inevitably falls below the safety margin. In the autumn all these notes, these loans must be repaid. Hence this drive for $6,000. To date we have reached $3,016. But that additional $2,984, unless obtained, can upset the tender balance. And we know, by now, that you will not permit that.

Yes, friends, it is really as serious as we say it is. If it weren't, we would keep our financial woes to ourselves. We only speak up when to be silent would mean the collapse of our paper.

The Editors.

(Please turn to page 27)

IT WILL be twenty-three years next week since the October Revolution started the peoples of czarist Russia on their course to socialism. NM will celebrate this anniversary, more meaningful this year than ever, with a group of special features: Joshua Kunitz concludes his discussion of various phases of Soviet life with an article estimating its achievements; charts and graphs will tell their own story of Soviet progress, while NM itself contributes an editorial on Soviet American relations.

Events here and abroad move with such rapidity that hundreds of questions rise in our readers' minds that need discussion and interpretation. NM is planning an evening to be known as "Interpretation, Please" where questions on foreign and domestic affairs will be answered by a panel of experts in both fields. You are invited to send your questions to "Interpretation, Please," NEW MASSES, 461 Fourth Ave., NYC. They will be answered Thursday evening, November 14, at Webster Hall, 119 East 11th St. Tickets are fifty cents in the reserved section for those buying them in advance and fifty cents at the door. Tickets are available at NM's office and at the Workers Bookshop, 5 East 13th St.

Samuel Sillen's fourth and concluding article in his series on the intellectuals will appear next week. Mr. Sillen will discuss those intellectuals who are standing by their inheritance of progressive reason and are courageously confronting the problems and decisions imposed upon them by events.

Who's Who

SIMON W. GERSON continues his tour of the country for NM. Next week he visits Chicago. . . . Paul G. McManus is a free lance political and economic writer, who was once NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Edgar Snow is the author of *Red Star Over China*. "The Promise of China's Co-ops" which appears in this issue is condensed from an article published in *The China Quarterly*. . . . Lou Cooper is a musician and composer and has written many critical articles on music. . . . Joseph Starobin is an editorial assistant on *NM* specializing in foreign affairs.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXVII NOVEMBER 5, 1940 NUMBER 7

Behind the Invasion of Greece

Why Mussolini strikes for Salonica. The larger issues in the Near East. Joseph Starobin continues his discussion of factors behind the shifts in the war.

MY ARTICLE, continuing last week's discussion of the Near East, had already gone to the printer's when the invasion of Greece became known. The relation of all powers is very much in solution, and before these words are read, any number of things may happen. The Axis may entrench itself in the eastern Mediterranean, may succeed in isolating Turkey, and get stepping stones for itself to Syria. Great Britain may not have sufficient forces to handle both ends of the Mediterranean, and may lose the opportunity to develop an eastern front. On the other hand we may find that the *British,* rather than the Italian occupation of Greece has succeeded—another Norway, but in reverse. It was clear all last week that the struggle for the Mediterranean basin was developing as a whole series of diplomatic, naval, and military encounters: the British War Minister Anthony Eden was rushed to the scene; the London *Times* anticipated matters by suggesting a naval occupation of Crete and other Greek islands; both Winston Churchill and King George promised all manner of things to France if she refused the latest German demands. So much was at stake, evidently, that in the midst of the most critical week of his election campaign the President of the United States—the new blood in the British cabinet—was impelled to inquire just what the French were about to do and why. From London, a former chief of the imperial general staff, Sir Cyril Deverell declared: "On our performance in Egypt, in the Sudan and the eastern Mediterranean generally the most vital issues depend."

Germany and Italy are employing the full resource of their central position, the full advantage of their successes thus far. Much more is involved in all the discussions with the Vichy leaders than is covered by the phrase "the reconstruction of peace in Europe." Bearing in mind General Franco's share of the negotiations, we may expect the widest diplomatic as well as military offensive. The Italian fleet may gain access to French naval bases in Algeria, west Africa, on the French mainland and perhaps even the highly strategic coast of Syria, while Spain will be expected to assist the Axis in establishing positions in Africa and the islands west of Gibraltar. Relate these developments to the occupation of the Danube, the renewed pressure on Bulgaria and Turkey, and it is clear that what gives these widely separated events some sort of pattern is the general Axis objective in the new phase of the war: the need to organize Europe in the expectation of a longer conflict, the preparations for a decision in the Mediterranean such as would open up all of Africa and the Near Eastern gateways to Asia.

These became the immediate Axis objectives, as I pointed out last week, when British imperialism, largely under Washington's pressure, declined the German terms in midsummer. But it ought not be supposed in view of all the preparations for a larger struggle that Hitler and Mussolini have withdrawn their offer. On the contrary. By their maneuvers in western and eastern directions, the Axis is building up what it believes to be a stronger bargaining position against Britain than it had last summer. With American politics in their most uncertain phase, British productive vitality, shipping, and morale suffering cumulative blows from the air, with French cooperation offering a real edge in the Mediterranean, the German and Italian strategists believe, as they approach the Black Sea region in which the USSR is vitally concerned, that they may even outbid the counter-pressure from the United States and force the British ruling class to reconsider. To the degree, on the other hand, that they intensify the exploitation of the resources which Europe offers, and gain vital positions in Africa, Hitler and Mussolini expect to offset the rigors of a longer war in case a new offer of truce should fail.

IN THE LAST world war, Kaiser Wilhelm was allied with two amorphous and internally-disunited empires: Austro-Hungary and the Ottoman sultanate. By 1918, the former had been shattered, and by every moral and historical necessity, should have been reintegrated as a confederation of free and independent peoples. Because the revolutionary transformation—successful only in the czar's former domains—was aborted, the peoples of central Europe have suffered the frustration and bloodshed of the past twenty years. A number of small states were created or expanded, economically and politically dependent upon France, through whom French imperialism attempted to preserve its victory over Germany. Likewise, after fascism had conquered the German republic, it was by a diplomatic and economic offensive in these same states (Italy having been converted from an enemy at Brenner Pass into an ally in Catalonia) that German imperialism was able to overcome France. In this process, Hitler was assisted by British policy, animated as that policy was by fear and hatred of the French working class and the victory of socialism in the USSR.

But what of the kaiser's other ally? History was also knocking at its gates. In the vast Turkish empire, embracing the Dardanelles, the Anatolian plateau, the east Mediterranean shore, the entire Arabian peninsula, and stretching through the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates to the mouth of the Persian gulf—forty million people were impatient for change. Here too, instead of paralleling the experience of their Moslem brothers in central Asia, instead of passing from a backward agricultural, a pastoral and nomad existence to modern civilization, these peoples fell prey to imperialist domination. With the possible exception of Turkey proper, the Near Eastern peoples not only lost their integrity and resources but a whole generation of what might have been their national renaissance. If France, therefore, inherited the troubled destinies of the Austro-Hungarian empire in which the socialist revolution had miscarried, it was England which gained more than the lion's share of the Ottoman empire. It was British imperialism in the first place which subverted the national reintegration of the Near East. If the main fascist offensive on the continent was directed against France, the main drive in the former Turkish sultanate is necessarily directed against Britain. In both cases, Italian imperialism expects by its alliance with Germany in this war to compensate for the disappointments of its alliance with France and England in the last war. And while Germany's struggle against France has thus far been successful only through the collusion of British imperialism, today's crowning irony is that Germany's struggle against Britain proceeds with the collusion of France.

IN THIS complicated and unfamiliar region several distinctions are necessary. First, there is Egypt, which British troops held in the nominal authority of the sultan until 1914 gave them the opportunity to claim it as their own. Egypt's strategic importance is obvious: it controls Suez and a good part of the Red Sea, while its majestic Nile leads deep into African highlands. Cotton is the major crop and supplies 15 percent of English needs. Egypt's twelve million people were never reconciled to British rule, and among the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs many a British general or official has met sudden death, while revolts in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan are

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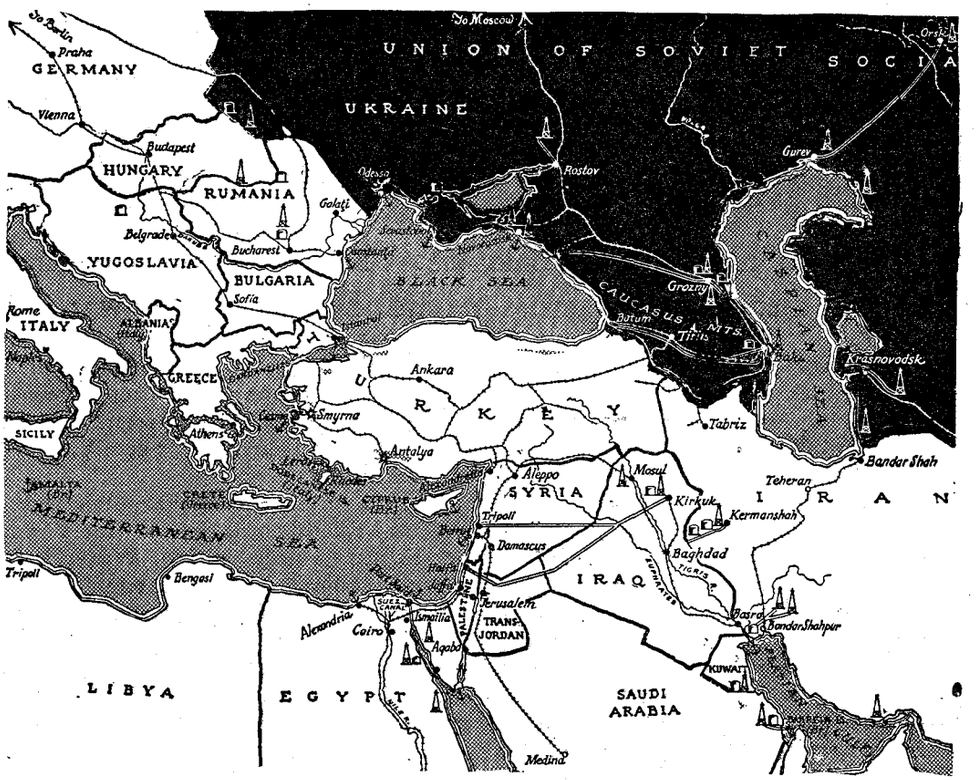
perennial. Egypt was accorded a nominally independent status in 1922, and fourteen years later Downing Street wangled membership for it in the League of Nations, but questions of fiscal and political autonomy as well as the issue of the Sudan have never been settled to popular satisfaction. British policy since 1922 has been a variation on two themes: interminable delay in negotiating independence, alternating with open violence against the impatient people. It might be remembered that the most notorious exponent of the latter policy was none other than Lord Lloyd, the present secretary for the colonies in the British cabinet.

Britain's dilemma in Arabia is traceable directly to its policy in the World War. By a series of secret treaties in 1915 and 1916, the Ottoman empire had been divided: the czar was going to get the Dardanelles and the Armenian hinterland; Italy would take the southwestern quadrant of Turkey proper; France was allotted all of Syria including the Turkish southeastern province of Mosul, while all of Arabia, Palestine, and the "land of the two rivers" in what is now known as Iraq fell to Britain.

Having divided the spoils in advance of their victory, the problem remained of securing the victory. Two Arab chieftains were approached for support: Hussein, the sherif of Hejaz and Ibn Saud, leader of the Wahhabi tribes in central Arabia. Both of these chieftains were promised leadership of the Arab confederation to be established upon the sultan's overthrow. It was Hussein's son, the emir Feisal, who organized and sustained T. E. Lawrence's revolt in the desert which rolled the Turks back beyond Damascus; Ibn Saud in the meantime assisted the main British armies deep into the Tigris and Euphrates valley. The revolt in the desert was quite genuine, but the confederation was just a mirage. British imperialism planted the seeds of a fratricidal conflict among the Arab chieftains until their hostility ultimately turned against Britain itself.

On top of it all, the Balfour Declaration, November 1917, invited the Jews to build their "national homeland" in Palestine at precisely the moment when Arab nationalism was reaching its greatest consciousness. Thus the pious imperialists have literally cursed the Holy Land, and its Jewish, Christian, and Moslem inhabitants for a whole generation. Five major revolts have swept through this land. Two of them, in 1929 and 1936, reached such proportions that only the delicate persuasion of airplanes and bayonets could keep them in hand. Instead of building a bi-national state with autonomy for minorities, the Zionist leadership has facilitated the technique of "divide and rule." Jim Crow practices against Arab workers are the official trade union policy. The continual influx of immigrants and the purchase of lands, while undoubtedly raising the economic levels in statistical terms, tends only to enrich a small section of Arab landlords, increases the land hunger of the Arab peasant, and creates the basis for upheavals. The culminating ignominy of this "noble experiment" is the proposal to partition Palestine—an acknowledgement of defeat by British imperialism but at the same time a method for continuing its rule. The outbreak of war has shelved the partition, but the collapse of citrus exports, the unemployment of one quarter of the Jewish, and perhaps two-fifths of the Arab workers aggravate and hasten an inevitable explosion.



THE WAR SHIFTS TO THE NEAR EAST, *where oil and the gateways to Asia are the objects of imperialist struggle. Note the two pipelines from the Mosul oil fields in Iraq. One flows to Haifa in Palestine, the other to Tripoli, in Syria. Since the fall of France, the British have closed the Syrian outlet, which used to supply 41 percent of France's oil. Italy's invasion of Greece is intended to break British control of the eastern Mediterranean. If successful, it might enable Graziani, now in Egypt, to take the main British base at Alexandria.*

Equally unhappy has been the experience of the Syrian peoples. Although the emir Feisal had established himself in Damascus, the French landed troops to dispossess him, and the English were finally compelled to set him up as the first king of Iraq. Syrian nationalism has chafed under French rule; in 1925-1927 there took place the famous uprising of the Jebel Druse tribes, which only thirty thousand troops were able to quell. In September 1936, the first Blum government negotiated a treaty of independence along the lines which Iraq had secured from Britain in 1930. But against the protests of the French Communists and despite widespread strikes and demonstrations in Syria the treaty was never ratified. When the war broke, the Syrian parliament was dissolved and martial rule overcame the colony just as it did France.

Disregarding for the moment the specific development of Iraq and Iran, the value of these regions for imperialism is self evident: here lie the main sea, air, and land routes to Asia. Here in the extensive potash deposits of Palestine, the Bahrein oil fields off Arabia, the petroleum wells of Mosul and Kirkuk in Iraq, the oil abundance of the Anglo-Iranian company are the objects of imperialist war.

BUT THE UGLIEST STORY remains to be told, the story of what the Allies tried to do with Turkey. Turkey is in fact the most developed of all of these nations. It is the focus of all rivalries and the crux of the present diplomatic contest. If Clemenceau's behavior at Versailles revealed the vindictiveness and anxiety of French imperialism at the height of its power, Lloyd George's role in the dismemberment of Turkey discloses the rapacious duplicity of British aims in the last war. And it might be remembered that Lloyd George's colonial secretary at that time was a certain Winston Churchill.

I have already mentioned the secret plans for the partition of Turkey. The czar's share of the bargain was denounced by Lenin after the October Revolution. By way of revenge, Lloyd George inspired two separate British expeditions into the Caucasus, thirsting for the oil of Baku, while still another in central Asia tried to carve some more buffer states between Soviet Russia and India. The British also found a way of turning Lenin's disavowal of czarist war aims to their own use: they occupied the Dardanelles and then sanctimoniously explained to the Italians that the czar's regrettable demise made the secret treaties invalid. Italy was thereby robbed of the robbery, as it were; the British settled

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down to haggle with France, and take it out on the Turks.

In August 1920 the treaty of Sevres was imposed on the tottering sultan. One American writer has described its implications:

> Not a single item of the economic order in Turkey . . . would have remained within the sole jurisdiction of the Turkish government. Currency improvement, tax reform, government financing both domestic and foreign . . . concessions in all the resources of the country . . . all fell within the domain mapped out for the international financial commissions. By their ring of economic servitude Turkey would have become effectively shackled to the Allied powers.

While British troops were occupying slices of Turkish soil, Lloyd George fanned the flame of Greek ambitions. Under Venizelos a Greek expedition crossed the straits and made deep inroads into Anatolia. Mutilated in territory, bleeding from the loss of 400,000 men in the war, Turkey now faced annihilation. But imperialism overreached itself on this treeless plateau much as it did in the steppes further north. Under the leadership of former army officers, notably Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish people rallied. A "National Pact" was proclaimed and a republic set up in Angora in opposition to the sultan at Constantinople. A mighty wave of national enthusiasm swept the Greeks clear into the Ægean Sea and was partially responsible for sweeping Lloyd George out of office in October 1922.

One nation gave arms and advice to the Turkish people, and that was Soviet Russia, as Louis Fischer relates in his *Soviet Union in World Affairs,* two volumes he might still profit by re-reading. By the treaty of March 1921 and a subsequent treaty of Kars, the USSR renounced all the czarist privileges, the railroad concessions, the white-guard claims to Turkish Armenia. These treaties form the basis of Soviet-Turkish relations and they were accompanied by similar compacts with Persia and Afghanistan. From 1921 to about 1927, more or less coinciding with the rise and defeat of the Chinese revolution, there was a practical alliance between the young Soviet state and the peoples along its southern borders, directed against British imperialism, evoking wide repercussions in India and beyond. So powerful did this anti-imperialist pressure become that at Lausanne in 1922-23, Turkey was able to secure the only negotiated peace of the war. Ismet Pasha, now President Inonu of the Turkish republic, was able, with Chicherin's assistance, to reject the most onerous of the Allied terms. But the inherent vacillation of the Turkish position was already apparent, when against Chicherin's better judgment, the Turks agreed to a demilitarization of the straits under British control. The sequel to Lausanne again demonstrated who were Turkey's friends and which its foes. The issue of Mosul had not yet been settled: the British had grabbed it after hoodwinking Ibn Saud and frustrating the French, but they refused to incorporate it into Turkey where it belonged. Under London's pressure, the World Court finally made the award to England in 1925. Kemal's answer was symbolic: the day after the award he signed a treaty of friendship with the USSR.

TURKEY IS THE EXAMPLE of how far a truly revolutionary national bourgeoisie can go. The corrupt Caliphate was abolished, church and state separated, although Islam remains the dominant religion, much as is Christianity in the United States. Mustapha carried through a number of vital reforms: Latinization of the alphabet, the unveiling of women, westernization of dress, unification of the nation. But Turkey is also an instance of what even the most revolutionary national bourgeoisie is unable to accomplish. Whereas in territories at similar historical levels the proletariat in the Soviet Union is developing its resources by industrialization, has mechanized agriculture, has wiped out illiteracy and raised 200,000,000 people from feudalism to socialism in one generation, in Turkey illiteracy remains at about 50%. Industrialization has lagged far behind, with a working class of perhaps 400,000 in a population of fourteen million, mostly in small factories and deprived of trade union rights. At least 70 percent of the people live in villages; four-fifths of all the plows in 1932 were still made of wood, and while there has been a doubling of railroad mileage, communications are still very poor. The Kurdish minority, about a million people in the southeast provinces, has been bitterly suppressed, especially after the widespread revolt of 1925, which forms another significant contrast with the minorities policy of the USSR.

In foreign policy, Turkey is beset by the same dualism characteristic of all Balkan states: although after 1928 it drifted into the orbit of Britain and France, its economic life has been increasingly dominated by Germany. Turkey became a member of the Balkan entente in 1934, in the company of the southeast European states under French influence, and later that year joined the League of Nations. But by 1938 the bulk of Turkish tobacco, foodstuffs, and one-third of chromite exports—in which she is the world's third producer—were going to Germany. With Soviet support at the Montreux convention in 1936, Turkey secured complete rights to refortify the Dardanelles, but in later years has herself shown imperialist ambitions: in 1938 Syrian nationalists were aroused when Turkish pressure forced France to cede the strategic port of Alexandretta.

The dilemma and contradiction of the Turkish position was emphasized by the outbreak of war. Despite their economic dependence on Germany, the Turks signed a full military alliance with Britain and France in October 1939, followed by economic agreements last winter whereby Turkey has secured as much as $450,000,000 in British and French credits, beginning by the way the construction of the first steel mill in the Near East at Karabuk.

This development displeased the USSR intensely for it was undoubtedly connected with the Allied "pincer" strategy against the Soviet Union—utilizing Turkey in the south and Finland in the north. Although the military alliance with Britain cannot presumably be invoked against the USSR, Molotov took the occasion to remark in his speech of Oct. 31, 1939, that "Turkey has definitely discarded her cautious policy of neutrality and entered the orbit of the developing European war . . . whether Turkey will not come to regret this, we shall not try to guess. . . . If Turkey has to some extent tied her hands and has taken the hazardous line of supporting one group of belligerents, the Turkish government evidently realizes the responsibility it has thereby assumed." Any number of articles in the British, French, and American press speculated last winter upon Turkey's role in a possible anti-Soviet offensive, while some circles in Turkey itself revived their old pan-Turanian ambitions at the expense of the Soviet Transcaspian. At the last meeting of the Balkan entente in February, 1940, the Turkish foreign minister declared that "Turkey was not neutral, but merely out of the war."

The collapse of France has changed both the political and strategic situation. Turkey reacted quickly by signing a new trade agreement with Germany in the last part of June; but her military alliance with Britain presumably remains in force. Turkey has achieved a remarkable bargaining position today between the two imperialist blocs. But the real question remains whether the Turks will use their position to keep the war out of the Near East, or to invite it in. In the latter case their bargaining position will disappear. Turkey will certainly become the instrument of powers and policies beyond her control. Germany's latest moves in the Balkans, especially her pressure upon Bulgaria and now the invasion of Greece are clearly intended to isolate the Turks while if last week's discussions in France give Italy access to Syria, this isolation may become ominous. The Turks must choose: a return to neutrality would probably restore their relations with the USSR to their former warmth; otherwise the Turks become the instruments of circumstance.

Among the many historical and cultural and political differences between the Near East and Africa proper there is this great difference: it is in the Near East where the historic influence as well as the vital security of the USSR is involved. It is difficult to say, as they approach the vital gateways to Asia, whether either imperialist bloc is merely trying to exploit Soviet neutrality for its own purposes, or has other intentions. To the degree that it wishes to avoid, or postpone, issues which affect the USSR we should expect either imperialist bloc to concentrate in the middle Mediterranean and Africa proper. Ultimately, however, it is in the Near East where many decisions of the imperialist war will have to be made, but perhaps not before the peoples of these lands and the peoples of Europe have had their say.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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How FDR Killed the New Deal

"The two years before the war," A. B. Magil writes, "marked a cumulative domestic Munich." The President, imperialist in the last war, surpasses himself in this one.

THERE it was, just a few brief paragraphs on the front page of the Wall Street *Journal*. The headline: TNEC TO SIDETRACK BUSINESS REFORMS PLANS BECAUSE OF DEFENSE. Let me quote the story in full, as it appeared in the Sept. 19, 1940 issue:

Washington—Senator Joseph O'Mahoney, chairman of the Temporary National Economic Committee, said yesterday that in his opinion business reform recommendations of his group will be postponed.

He feels that the European war and the necessity for a long-time preparedness program in this country have completely blanketed the TNEC, whose activities some months back constituted the big news developments of Washington for business and industry.

The present emergency, according to the Senator, would likely blanket also any business or industrial reform proposals which might otherwise have been decided upon by the committee.

The TNEC is scheduled to prepare and submit a final report to Congress in January, which would cover its study and recommendations for legislation believed necessary as a result of the disclosures during public hearings.

However, there are indications that the long awaited report will be postponed. According to Senator O'Mahoney, future developments with respect to the present national emergency will determine when the legislative recommendations will be made.

Just a few brief paragraphs, but they are like the tolling of bells. A great hope has died, and the shadow of that death, and much more than shadow, is on the daily living of millions of human beings. For not only the TNEC, but the whole New Deal that once promised so much is now a living corpse.

In my first article in last week's issue I wrote that the touchstone of any government is its attitude toward monopoly and toward labor. By this test the Roosevelt administration, equally with the Republican Party, today stands condemned as the instrument of the ruling monopolists in effecting their program of reaction at home and war abroad. The present relations among the three forces that make up the triangle of power: capital, labor, and government, reproduce on a higher level and with larger implications the relations that existed during the first two years of the New Deal. In that period the weight of government, as expressed particularly in the National Industrial Recovery Act and the betrayal of labor in various strike situations was thrown on the side of big business. In the second phase of the New Deal, from about 1935 to September, 1939, the government's weight was on the whole, despite retreats and compromises, shifted to the side of labor and the people.

A variety of factors produced this change, the most important of which I noted in my first article: the political awakening of the American people, especially the growing strength and independence of labor; the turning of the dominant sections of Wall Street against the New Deal because of the partial and uneven nature of economic recovery and the spread of strikes; and the development of the worldwide struggle between the forces of fascism and democracy. The most important symbols of this change were, on the one hand, the National Labor Relations Act, and, on the other, the monopoly investigation and the fight to liberalize the Supreme Court.

Looking back, it is now clear that the Supreme Court battle marked the apogee of the New Deal as the expression of the democratic strivings of the people. From that point on began a process of leveling off until the sharp plunge in September 1939. Yet it is typical of bourgeois democracy that even when it puts its best foot forward it drags along a heavy weight of legal obfuscation. President Roosevelt's message to Congress proposing the addition of new justices to the federal courts for each one over the age of seventy who fails to retire was as preposterous a piece of pettifogging evasion as has ever served to initiate a great social struggle. It was a timid and thoroughly inadequate approach to the solution of a fundamental constitutional problem. But in the context of the battle that developed, the original proposal outgrew its limited stature and became the embodiment of the desire of the common people to oust monopoly from its main political stronghold and march toward the fulfilment of the social reforms which Roosevelt had promised in his Madison Square Garden speech on the eve of the 1936 election. Yet, even while this battle was being waged, Roosevelt sought to appease reaction in other fields. His callous "A plague on both their houses" and his refusal to act against the bloody violence unloosed by the tycoons of Little Steel on their striking workers strengthened those very enemies of the New Deal whom he had promised to master. And the sharp reduction of relief expenditures (the net federal contribution to buying power declined from $4,337,000,000 in 1936 to $1,092,000,000 in 1937) helped precipitate and aggravate the new economic crisis which began in the fall of 1937. This tenderness toward big business was described by Solicitor General (now Attorney General) Robert H. Jackson as follows in a speech on Dec. 29, 1937:

The unvarnished truth is that the government's recovery program has succeeded nowhere else so effectively as in restoring the profits of big business. Labor has had no such advance. The small merchant has had no such prosperity. The small manufacturer has had no such advantage.

The only criticism that can be made of the economic operations of the New Deal is that it set out a breakfast for the canary and let the cat steal it; it did not sufficiently guard recovery from the raids of the monopolists.

In 1938 Roosevelt turned to a more direct attack on the monopolies. In a fighting Jackson Day speech he cited monopolistic abuses:

Give to me and give to your government the credit for a definite intention to eradicate them. . . . We know that there will be a few—a mere handful of the total of business men and bankers and industrialists—who will fight to the last ditch to retain such autocratic controls over the industry of the country as they now possess. With this handful it is going to be a fight—a cheerful fight on my part, but a fight in which there will be no compromise with evil—no letup until the inevitable day of victory.

Bold words. And a far cry from the NIRA days. Roosevelt followed this up on April 29, 1938, with a message to Congress calling for the creation of a special committee to investigate monopoly and make concrete recommendations for curbing its abuses. In that message he recognized not only the economic evils flowing from monopoly, but also pointed to concentrated private economic power as the source of the fascist danger "which is struggling so hard to master our democratic government." This important truth, which Marxists were the first to propound, had been acknowledged by administration spokesmen on other occasions. Secretary of the Interior Ickes had expressed the same idea in several speeches, notably in two which he made in December 1937 in which he branded by name Henry Ford, Lammot du Pont, Tom Girdler, James H. Rand, Jr., and their ilk as the forces seeking to establish "a big business fascist America." Today these same gentlemen are feeding at the government "defense" trough presided over by super-monopolists Knudsen and Stettinius; and the administration is able to recognize fascism only when it is 3,000 miles away.

For all these brave blasts, the monopoly committee (TNEC) set up under the ægis of that windy statesman, Senator Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming, a Democrat with rightist leanings, proved to be a rather toothless beast. Its original anti-monopoly objective was diluted into a respectable attempt to solve the riddle of "idle money, idle machines, idle men." Yet despite its efforts to be nice to big business, the committee did valuable fact-finding work, particularly in uncovering some of the tentacles of that newest octopus of finance-capital, the insurance trust. But all this was before the second war to make the world safe for monopoly.

Viewed against the background of the developing national and international crisis, the

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two years of the New Deal before the European war are seen to have marked a cumulative domestic Munich. The administration's sorties against reaction were more and more subordinated to this trend, especially after the 1938 elections. Just as the two hundred families of France resorted to economic sabotage in an effort to disrupt the people's front and overthrow its government, so our own overlords of finance and industry in 1937 launched a sitdown strike of capital in order to blackmail concessions from the government and break up the loose coalition of labor and the New Deal which had carried Roosevelt to overwhelming victory in 1936. And like the Blum and Daladier governments in France, the Roosevelt administration responded to this challenge with appeasement efforts in both domestic and foreign policy. This only encouraged big business and its bipartisan coalition in Congress and helped pave the way for the creation in 1938 of the Dies committee. At bottom Roosevelt, despite his occasional intellectual perception of the issues involved, demonstrated time after time his lack of faith in the people and his readiness to come to terms with the economic royalists. Instead of welding together his 1936 majority into a democratic front under the leadership of organized labor, he relegated labor to the role of a faithful menial and placed his chief reliance on the maneuvers of traditional machine politics. That is why his 1938 purge campaign was such a complete failure except in New York where the progressive forces were best organized and succeeded in defeating the tory Democrat, Rep. John J. O'Connor. The net result of the retreats and evasions and the failure to fulfil the mandate of 1936 were important Republican gains in the 1938 election. That election came one month after Munich and coincided with Daladier's smashing of the French general strike. In America, as in Europe, reaction—and war—were on the march.

Big business is never so firmly in the driver's seat as when a capitalist country is headed for war. The man who had pledged "a fight in which there will be no compromise with evil—no letup until the inevitable day of victory," abandoned the fight even before it had been seriously joined and handed victory to King Monopoly. That king has a great appetite. And the feast has only begun. Some of the tastier morsels are being provided by the Department of Justice.

The Roosevelt administration is the first in the country's history to use the anti-trust laws primarily and extensively against the trade unions. This is contrary not only to the spirit, but the letter of the anti-trust laws. In a pamphlet on the Sherman act issued by the National Committee for People's Rights, A. J. Isserman, noted labor attorney, writes: "Between 1890 and 1930, before the emphatic legislative and judicial declarations of labor's rights which we now have, there were reported forty criminal prosecutions of labor under the Sherman Act—an average of one prosecution per year. Now, Thurman Arnold, 'New Deal' assistant attorney general, in less than two years has more than that number instituted or actually under way." By Aug. 14, 1940, 86 unions and 260 officials had been indicted under the anti-trust laws. In fifty years not a single person connected with big business monopolies ever went to jail for anti-trust violations. But within a few months 26 members of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters (AFL) and eleven officials of the International Fur and Leather Workers Union (CIO) have been given jail sentences and fines.

In contrast, at the request of the defense commission, the teeth have been pulled from the prosecution of twenty-two major oil companies; the suit against the medical trust (the American Medical Association) has been indefinitely postponed; and corporation after corporation is being given the privilege of evading both criminal and civil suits by signing "consent decrees." This is a handy device through which the corporations, in return for confessing their sins, are forgiven and told to sin no more. Last week it was announced that five of eight movie companies, against which proceedings were begun with such eclat over two years ago, have expiated their sins in this fashion. Just how it works out in practice may be gathered from the case of the typewriter trust. On April 23 the government signed a consent decree with Remington-Rand, Royal, Underwood-Elliott Fisher, and L. C. Smith & Corona, the companies agreeing not to "maintain or adhere to uniform prices." They were given two months to return to free competition. On July 16 the Federated Press made an investigation and found that the companies had made only three price changes in that time, and these tended to make prices more uniform than they had been before the consent decree!

Heliker

Such, in short, is the process of justice under a war-bent New Deal. War economy is, in fact, the Procrustean bed on which the whole life of the country is being wracked and broken. But the modern Procrustes, big business, makes the legendary Attic highwayman seem a gentle humanitarian by comparison. Our economic machine is already suffering torment. "Defense Demands for Tools Stunt Growth of Many Lines" reads a headline in the financial section of the New York *World-Telegram,* October 18. Observes the October issue of the Labor Research Association's *Economic Notes:* "Federal Reserve index of durable goods rose from 131 in July to 135 in August, while consumer goods index advanced only from 113 to 114." The financial section of the New York *Times* of September 8 notes the same phenomenon in the profit figures: "Unlike the heavy industries, transportation and building material concerns, which made substantial headway in the course of 1940, the consumer-goods industries made only moderate gains in net profits in the first half of 1940, compared with the same period in 1939, the increase for 123 companies amounting to 11.5 per cent."

What this means is that while the durable goods industries are throbbing feverishly as a result of the hypodermic of war orders, consumers' goods production is already beginning to stagnate, thus intensifying the contradictions within a crisis-ridden economy. From stagnation to artificial restriction after the fascist model is not such a long step. It has already been projected by a leading New Dealer, Jerome Frank, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. His proposal, which is a variant of the John Maynard Keynes plan in England, is to reduce consumers' expenditures by $15,000,000,000 a year and divert this sum to war production by siphoning it out of the people through stiff sales and income taxes and forced loans.

This utopia of horror which the soothsayers of capitalism are planning is being gilded with the promise of jobs. What a commentary on a social system which can provide the means of life for millions of human beings only by devoting their energies to fashioning the instruments of death. But even this hope is a lie. And the liars seem unable to agree among themselves. On September 3 a story in the *Times* quoted administration economists as calculating that by next July 1 the defense program and conscription would absorb 4,500,000 unemployed. On October 2 Paul V. McNutt, Federal Security Administrator, beheld an even more glorious vision. In a speech at Chicago opening President Roosevelt's election campaign he declared, according to the Associated Press, that "All persons able and willing to work will be employed by the middle of next year." Specifically, McNutt predicted, 7,600,000 persons would secure jobs. Three days later Secretary of Labor Perkins tried her hand at star-gazing. She wasn't quite as good as McNutt, her

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prediction being only 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 jobs within the next year (*Times*, October 6). But President Roosevelt outpredicted them all. Not waiting till 1941 to solve the unemployment problem, he said in an informal talk to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Home Club of Hyde Park on August 31: "When we ask, 'Is there much unemployment?' and the answer is, 'Well, we ain't worried about it much,' it means that almost everybody has got something to do." But on October 18 the truth finally came out. Buried in the financial pages of the *Times* was an AP story reporting an estimate of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics that the defense program plus conscription would reduce unemployment in 1941 by only 2,500,000. Let me quote one of the best comments on this whole mad delusion of prosperity via war:

> Industrial and agricultural production for a war market may give immense fortunes to a few men; for the nation as a whole it produces disaster. . . . Nevertheless, if war should break out again in another continent, let us not blink the fact that we should find in this country thousands of Americans who, seeking immediate riches—fools' gold—would attempt to break down or evade our neutrality laws.
>
> They would tell you—and unfortunately, their views would get wide publicity—that if they could produce and ship this and that and the other article to belligerent nations, the unemployed of America would all find work. They would tell you that if they could extend credit to warring nations, that credit would be used in the United States States to build homes and factories and pay our debts. They would tell you that America once more would capture the trade of the world.
>
> It would be hard to resist that clamor; it would be hard for many Americans, I fear, to look beyond—to realize the inevitable penalties, the inevitable day of reckoning that come from a false prosperity. To resist the clamor of that greed, if war should come, would require the unswerving support of all Americans who love peace. If we face the choice of profits or peace, the nation will answer—must answer—"We choose peace."

Those words were spoken by Franklin D. Roosevelt. The time: Aug. 14, 1936. The place: Chautauqua, N. Y. They are as true today as they were four years ago. But today the war profiteers are in the saddle, having climbed up on the stirrup supplied by Franklin D. Roosevelt. The nation chose peace, but Franklin D. Roosevelt chose profits —and war. And his pledge on May 21, 1940, that "not a single war millionaire will be created," was translated on October 1 into an excess profits law which removed all previous limitations in regard to profits on war contracts and increased the rate at which industries can charge off expansion of plant and facilities. Commented the pro-administration Washington Merry-Go-Round column:

> Result is that the new tax bill is not an excess profits bill at all. At least two-thirds of it is an increase on corporation taxes, which doesn't even begin to take away big business profits on national defense orders. As a matter of fact, this flat tax makes it harder for the smaller firms to compete with the big ones. (New York *Mirror*, September 18.)

In contrast, the billion-dollar tax bill passed last June bears heaviest on the small income groups. This is true of the whole new social program of the Roosevelt administration. The complete outlines of that program are still being concealed because of fear of the voters in a Presidential election year. Moreover, the resistance of the trade unions and the work of the Communist Party have served to impede the full unfolding of this flower of evil. But enough has already happened to constitute an ominous augury for the future. For example, the National Labor Relations Act is now being emasculated. This is being accomplished in three ways: by outright amendment, by reconstituting the personnel of the National Labor Relations Board, and by reducing the board's appropriations in order to hamstring its work. Recently a fourth way has been devised, the way which might be called, taming the lion by feeding him raw meat; or, in other words, giving the fattest government war contracts to the biggest violators of the NLRA. The role of lion-tamer is being played—a bit fumblingly, it is true —by Sidney Hillman, so-called labor representative on the defense commission; his chief assistant is Attorney General Jackson, who once dared say "Boo" to the monopolies. As for revision of the law itself, it was the administration which, by sponsoring the Norton amendments, provided the entering wedge for the more drastic Smith proposals. These latter, already passed by the House, were introduced by one of those fine old southern gentlemen who are the mainstays of President Roosevelt's campaign for a third term.

For all its efforts to muffle the sound till after November 5, the administration is blowing retreat from the whole social program that once was the New Deal. On September 24, when asked at his press conference to comment on a statement by Harriett Elliott, consumer member of the National Defense Advisory Commission, that "45,000,000 of us are living below the safety line right now because we are not getting the kinds and amounts of food necessary for strong defense," Roosevelt said, according to a dispatch in the *Daily Worker*, "that the National Defense Advisory Commission must draw a line between what is needed for the present arms program and what the country needs over the next sixty years. Health and education are important, the President said, but they cannot be considered a direct part of the administration's national defense program." Somewhere the ghost of an echo whispered: "Our nation's program of social and economic reform is therefore a part of defense as basic as armaments themselves"—the ghost of an echo of the old Franklin D. Roosevelt—his message to Congress on Jan. 4, 1939.

Since health and education can wait sixty years, the Wagner Health Bill, fruit of two years work by a special government committee and of the efforts of a nationwide health movement, has been scrapped; the same fate has met the recommendations made in 1938 by another government committee for an $855,000,000 education program. Other social legislation can also wait sixty years: the plans to liberalize and extend the Social Security Act, and the new $800,000,000 low-cost housing bill (there is a fine-sounding housing plank in the Democratic platform). The anti-lynching bill of course can wait. And despite repeated assurances by the President that the labor standards of the Walsh-Healey Act and the Wage-Hour Law would not be relaxed, he himself has given government shipyards permission to lengthen weekly hours from forty to forty-eight, the same extension has been granted to shipyards working for the Maritime Commission, and the Wage-Hour Administration is now allowing many exemptions. The WPA, whose average monthly wage is only $54, has also been drastically cut. In June there were only 1,580,000 on the rolls, a decline of about 45 percent from the 2,835,000 on WPA in June 1939. The number has in recent weeks been increased by about 200,000 for vote-getting purposes.

These developments on the domestic front are dictated by the necessities of a reactionary foreign policy. I have not the space here to do more than touch on the administration's activities in this field. NEW MASSES will publish an article in the near future discussing this question in detail. The sixteen billion dollars in military appropriations and authorizations made by the present session of Congress and the enactment of peacetime conscription are only the most naked expressions of the government's turn to aggressive imperialism and war. Before the outbreak of the European conflict American imperialism was relatively passive and was interested in maintaining the status quo. At the same time the accentuated trade rivalries with other powers, and capitalist sabotage of collective security because it would have meant collaboration with the Soviet Union and the strengthening of the popular forces everywhere, were undermining the status quo and making a new imperialist war inevitable. The shifts and vacillations in the Roosevelt foreign policy during that period were reflections of the conflicting tendencies within the capitalist class, as well as the pressure of the genuine peace elements. Unfortunately, these latter lacked organization and unity. With the coming of the war, imperialism — now increasingly aggressive — took over complete control of the Roosevelt foreign policy.

The President, who was a blatant imperialist in the last war, has emerged again as the exponent of the world aims of the most powerful capitalist class on earth. These aims envisage not merely defeat of German imperialism, the most dangerous rival of imperialist America, and complete domination of the western hemisphere, but the reduction of Britain to a subordinate role in a bloc—which may ultimately include a conciliatory Japan—that shall be the last rampart of world capitalism against the advancing social revolution. Economic and eventually military support of Britain in the war against Germany, appeasement of Japan in the Far East, and hostility

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to the Soviet Union—these are three roads leading to the same goal. And President Roosevelt's pledge in his Philadelphia speech not to send our armed forces to fight in foreign lands is worth about as much as his pledge on Sept. 3, 1939: "This nation will remain a neutral nation," as much as his promise to choose peace instead of profits—as much, in fact, as the similar promises of Wilson.

There is one final ingredient required for this New Deal witches' brew: the assault on democracy. It is there. It is not for nothing that Franklin D. Roosevelt has joined hands with those whom he once assailed as threatening American liberties. With the overwhelming majority of the people devoted to peace and desiring greater economic well-being, the program which he offers the country—with Willkie's endorsement—can be achieved only by resort to the fascist techniques of demagogy and suppression. A free people, an informed people cannot be led into imperialist adventures. That is why the people have to be fed with fantasies of an invasion of Omaha and St. Louis by bombing planes—though army and navy experts know how preposterous this is. That is why aliens have to be fingerprinted, FBI witch-hunts organized, fifth-column nightmares concocted, Red purges initiated in WPA, minority parties thrown off the ballot, and the states encouraged to revive old and pass new anti-democratic measures. That is why, above all, the most intransigent opponents of war and fascism, those who provide the American people with the most effective leadership, the Communists, have to be persecuted. The head-chopping begins with the Communists, but it never ends there, as even conservative AFL unions are learning from Professor Thurman Arnold. For has not that sensitive seer, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, Henry A. Wallace, said:

> When democracy is threatened from time to time by a huge psychic entity like that of the imperial Prussian militaristic spirit, it may be necessary to employ many of the weapons which we so heartily detest. Many individual rights may have to be sacrificed for a time to the democratic state in order to avoid the worse fate of being sacrificed to the imperialistic state. (Speech in New York City, May 20, 1940.)

Perhaps the President is merely borrowing a leaf from his former chief and mentor he admires so much, Woodrow Wilson. In a speech at St. Louis on Sept. 5, 1919, Wilson said:

> We may say what we please of the German government that has been destroyed, but it was the only sort of government that could handle an armed nation. You cannot handle an armed nation by vote. You cannot handle an armed nation if it is democratic, because democracies do not go to war that way. You have got to have a concentrated militaristic organization of government to run a nation of that sort. You have got to think of the President not as the Chief Counsellor elected for a little while, but as the man meant constantly and every day to be the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, ready to order them to any part of the world where the threat of war is a menace to his own people. And you cannot do that under free debate.

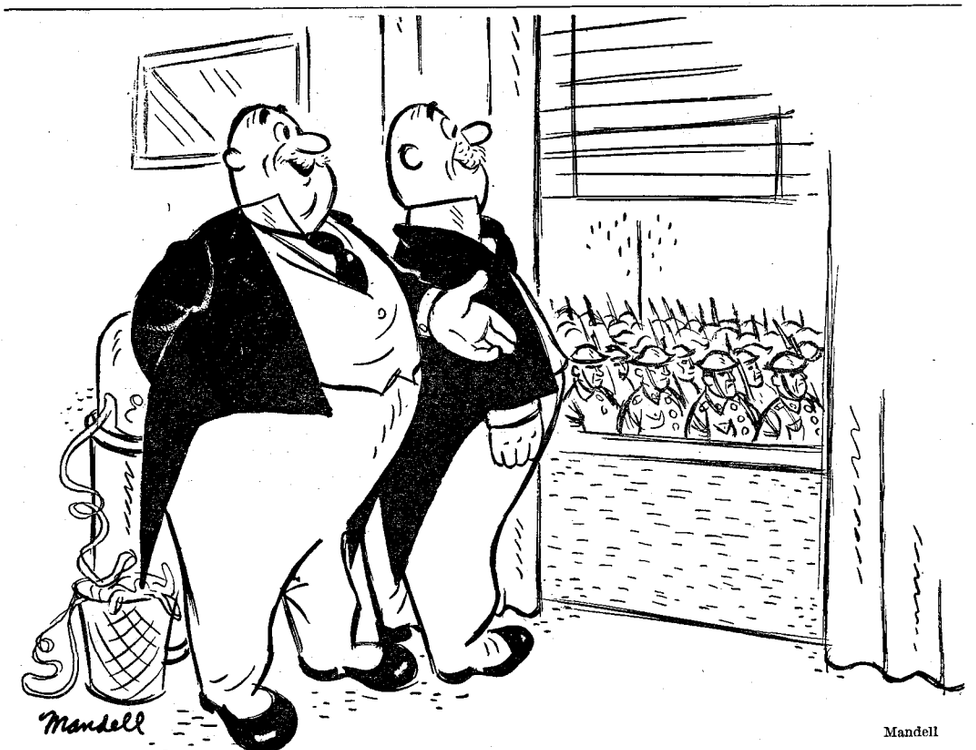
This, then, is that "lesser evil" which certain liberals adjure us to support in order to fend off fascism! What does it all add up to? The eight years of the New Deal span an epoch. From crisis to crisis, capitalism staggers from economic paralysis to the giddy fever of war. These were eight years of storm and striving, eight years in which millions were roused to think and to do. The American people have been through the fire. They have participated in the greatest strikes in the history of the country. They have created movements among the farmers, the unemployed, the middle classes. They have tested their strength in battle and won large victories. And they have built a Communist Party, a true people's party, but for whose work many of these achievements could not have been possible. All this has not been in vain. Reaction has grown, but so has the strength and understanding of the people. Out of the ruin of the New Deal remains as democracy's heritage, no matter what the outcome of the elections, the precious residue of organization and experience on which to build for the future.

For many the New Deal was a great illusion, the illusion that capitalism could still be reconciled with democracy, that the Roosevelt program offered a simple and painless alternative to socialism. Certainly, much more can be won by the people even under this system. But at bottom the failure of the New Deal is the failure of capitalism. Ours is the country in which capitalism has had its golden age. Here, freed of feudal encumbrances, protected by natural barriers against foreign invasion, exploiting a vast territory rich in all of nature's gifts, the capitalist order had the greatest opportunity to fulfill its promise. If it has failed here, it has failed everywhere. And assuredly it has failed here. For today, 164 years after the Declaration of Independence, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are being swallowed up by the new despot, monopoly. In 1929 the 200 largest non-financial corporations, comprising less than seven-hundredths of 1 one precent of the total number of corporations, controlled 38 percent of all the business wealth of the country; today they control well over half. And the other side of the picture: in 1935 and 1936, in the best period of the New Deal, 66 percent of all American families were living on an average of $69 a month. While millions need food, clothing and shelter, capitalism is able to utilize its plant capacity only by harnessing the entire economy to the manufacture of instruments of destruction. These are the stigmata not of life, but of death, not of democracy, but of fascism. In the last verse of his great poem, *The People, Yes,* Carl Sandburg wrote:

> In the darkness with a great bundle of grief
> the people march.
> In the night, and overhead a shovelful of stars for keeps,
> the people march:
> "Where to? what next?"

That question is being answered today by those in America who with their mind's eye have seen the future and know it works. Out of the pitfall of old deal and new, the people march, however deviously, toward the coming victory of democracy—socialism.

A. B. MAGIL.



Mandell

"Isn't the division of labor wonderful? They do the fighting while we make the profits."

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Polling USA: Pittsburgh's Men of Steel

Simon W. Gerson finds "a multitude of reservations" in the 1936 FDR stronghold. Why. "We want no war." The "growing uneasiness" across America. Second in a series.

Pittsburgh.

"DJIVIO," said the little Macedonian steel chipper, raising his beer glass toward me. "That means luck in Serbian."

He grinned, took a deep gulp and looked questioningly at me. "You union fella, too?"

I took out my Newspaper Guild card. He took out his Steel Workers Organizing Committee card. We matched them. "C — I — O," he spelled out. "You, me."

"Djivio," he repeated, raising his glass solemnly to the new-found unity.

My casual acquaintance was probably as typical a steel worker as any I met in the great black valleys that form the industrial heart of America and that we know vaguely as the Pittsburgh region. A worker in steel mills in three states, with no particular ascertainable political doctrine, my Duquesne friend helped me approximate more clearly the answers to the questions the NEW MASSES editors wanted me to get:

1. What is America, particularly labor, thinking on the eve of elections?

2. What are the people thinking about war and conscription and American foreign policy?

3. What does labor think about the domestic policies of the New Deal?

4. What do people think of the possibility or advisability of an understanding for peace between the United States, the Soviet Union, and China?

Even Dr. Gallup has to sample and so did I, if on a much less extensive scale than the eminent gentleman of the loaded poll. But Dr. Gallup never spoke to my friend, whom we shall call Djivio, for that's not his name. Like most of the steel workers in the great mills along the Monongahela, Allegheny, and Ohio Rivers, Brother Djivio is now working five days a week. His friends seated nearby us in the Serbian Progressive Club (For Members Only) are also working regularly. The mill, the Carnegie-Illinois plant at Duquesne, a US Steel subsidiary, is going like mad, its huge furnaces belching fire and dirty smoke twenty-four hours a day. It may be fool's gold, as Franklin D. Roosevelt said at Chautauqua in 1936, but the war profits are coming in, and men must work, even if women must weep.

Djivio is working—and pondering. What did his fellow workers think about the elections? "People," he said slowly, "want what Roosevelt 'say' stand for, but no want go war."

How about conscription? "Young fellas no like. They married, got jobs in mill, no like go 'way."

Djivio didn't have much to say on national domestic questions, but he had a thing or two to say about the speedup, the closed shop, and CIO Mayor Elmer Maloy of Duquesne who seems to be wavering in the face of a concentrated employer attack.

I checked on Djivio every which way, with labor leaders high and low, political writers, small business men, and I found him right. He may not know it but he's Duquesne's Jim Farley for picking them.

Little doubt about it, Roosevelt's "pledge" will carry the steel and coal areas in and around Pittsburgh. Wendell Willkie has considerable strength around the hotel lobbies and the higher-priced bars, and the unanimous support of the Pittsburgh press, but the labor movement is overwhelmingly against him. The so-called labor committee for Willkie in Pittsburgh is run by the Motion Picture Projectionists Union, AFL officials, who in turn are owned body and soul by Edwin Harris, owner of a large chain of theaters, who also happens to be chairman of the Allegheny County Republican Committee. The labor support for Roosevelt ranges from the publicly ecstatic (and privately critical) at the top to the considerably more reserved agreement among the rank and file.

Anthony J. Salopak, pudgy but powerful secretary-treasurer of the Duquesne lodge of the SWOC, put it this way: "Yep, they're still for Roosevelt—*but only on his past record*. They don't want the United States to go to war, though."

Across the river in McKeesport, Joe Baron, quiet-spoken president of the Tin Plate local said: "They support Roosevelt but they're beginning to have some doubts, particularly insofar as the administration is going back on us in connection with the Walsh-Healey act and our own Tin Plate situation. They will listen to a discussion about the lack of difference between Roosevelt and Willkie, but few of them will react, either in favor of or against Roosevelt. Practically nobody in the local talks up for Willkie."

Raymond Clapper was right when he observed in his Scripps-Howard column, October 23:

> The more I travel around the more I find people uneasy about Mr. Roosevelt. . . . Of course labor is going heavily for Mr. Roosevelt. But it is different, deeply different from what it was in 1932 and particularly from what it was in 1936. . . . It isn't a pro-Willkie movement that is gaining force but a growing mistrust of Roosevelt.

While Roosevelt will win Allegheny County and its environs, 1940 *is* different. Even though there is formal allegiance there is not the same enthusiasm. Local unions are by no means aroused to the 1936 pitch, pro-Roosevelt rallies are not so well attended, and Roosevelt buttons are not being worn all over the place. The Roosevelt chariot is running on the power generated in the '36 New Deal days. Many workers are willing to swallow some of their present doubts on the basis of gains made in the recent past in the terror-ridden mill towns and coal patches. Phil Murray of the SWOC top leadership is high in Democratic councils and made the seconding speech for Democratic vice-presidential candidate Henry A. Wallace at the Chicago convention.

He is the key man in keeping the labor movement on the Roosevelt bandwagon. Much the same is true for the United Mine Workers organization, headed by Patrick Fagan, who is regarded by veteran union men here as considerably more of a Democratic organization politician than a labor leader.

Basic to an understanding of the political situation in this area is the undoubted fact that Pittsburgh is in the throes of a war boom. Steel plants are operating at 94 percent of capacity, most of them working three shifts. The employed men, and there are a good many who aren't, generally work five days a week. The steel industry's profits rose 309 percent in the first six months of 1940, totalling $91,225,128. The effect of the boom on retail business is obvious. Hitherto stagnant local unions have flourished. SWOC leaders claim, and it is not disputed, that an example of the war boom growth is the Homestead lodge which had about eleven hundred dues paying members a year ago and has ten thousand dues paying members today out of eleven thousand workers in the plant. Conscious of the fact that the employers are making huge war profits, many successful departmental strikes are taking place. The strikes, however, are unpublicized by SWOC national headquarters as a matter of policy. Leaders there insist that to emphasize these strike movements would be to bring down on the union the employer charge of obstructing the national defense program. But publicity or no, the workers are showing great militancy.

Mining has not been as active as steel, although the captive mines are busy supplying fuel to the steel masters. Mines dealing with the commercial trade, busy for the last few months, have begun to slacken.

The sharp criticism of the Roosevelt betrayal of the New Deal is beginning to show itself in various forms if not in a direct break away from the Democratic Party. In Washington County, home of twenty thousand mine workers, there is political guerrilla warfare between the CIO forces organized through Labor's Non-Partisan League and the regular Democratic organization. The CIO forces sought in the Democratic primary to defeat Congressman Charles I. Faddis, who voted for conscription against the expressed wishes of the CIO Industrial Council, but were not able to make it. And some interesting things can be learned about the fight within the Demo-

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cratic Party from the 1936 vote figures. That year, when labor's forces gave enthusiastic support to an FDR who was seeking to "master" the economic royalists, Roosevelt got nearly a thirty thousand majority over Landon in the county. Today Democratic County Chairman Harvey A. Stuart predicts a Roosevelt majority of fifteen or twenty thousand. Where did his majority go? The Willkie forces do not claim considerable inroad among the miners. Clearly the CIO workers in this area are expressing their bewilderment and resentment against the betrayal of the New Deal by refusing to vote for either Roosevelt or Willkie.

Washington County is illustrative of some of the deeper currents in Pennsylvania political life. The strongly organized Labor's Non-Partisan League has elected its own district attorney and a county commissioner. C. O. Williams, a working miner and chairman of the county Labor's Non-Partisan League, is also a representative in the State Legislature. It is by no means accidental that in Washington County, where labor has so much independent political influence, the county attorney resisted American Legion efforts to prosecute Communist petition canvassers, in sharp contrast to the action in Allegheny, Beaver, and Westmoreland Counties.

The growing split between the regular Democratic organizations and CIO workers, even where these are led by wavering elements, was made clear several days ago in the towns of Duquesne and Aliquippa, both headed by CIO leaders. In Duquesne, Mayor Elmer Maloy, an international organizer for the SWOC, was charged by a coalition of company-dominated Republicans and so-called independent Democrats with having sanctioned a mass dues inspection picket line outside of the Carnegie-Illinois plant which nearly caused a clash. A majority of the Duquesne City Council voted to take over control of the city's fire department on the ground that Maloy had ordered the firemen to turn the hose on anyone seeking to interfere with the dues inspection picket line. In Aliquippa council president Paul R. Normile, a former SWOC organizer, was removed from his post by a coalition of councilmen on the charge that he was filling city jobs with CIO members rather than deserving Democrats. This type of situation, a reflection of the sharp class contrasts within the Democratic Party in the area, is bound to increase and lead to new alignments.

The labor movement in the entire region was practically unanimous against the passage of the Burke-Wadsworth bill. Registration day went off smoothly in the area but there was no dancing in the streets by young men. The Duquesne steel local adopted a resolution on conscription raising two questions: (1) How will the families of the draftees live on the conscript's army wage; and (2) Will the draftees get their jobs back? No doubt about it, there is considerable worry about the draft among the young employed men who have registered, especially if they are married. It has not reached the point of organized protest or a mass fight for repeal, however. While the newspapers are all for aid to Britain, the William Allen White forces seem to be relatively quiet. Among the great mass of steel workers and coal miners, many of whom are descended from Central and South European stocks, there is considerable hatred for Hitler but, likewise, deep suspicion of the English ruling class.

Man of Steel: Pittsburgh laborer

Observers see considerable sympathy for the Soviet Union in the area. Two small signs are perhaps symptomatic. The first is the adoption of a resolution by the Washington County CIO Industrial Council calling for an alliance between the United States, the Soviet Union, and China. The second is a recent cartoon by Cy Hungerford in the Pittsburgh *Post Gazette* showing Stalin standing near a new model of a two-ended car and grinning at a bewildered Hitler and Mussolini. While no paragon of political accuracy the cartoon reflects a growing acceptance of the actual fact—that Soviet foreign policy is entirely independent and is neither pro-Axis nor pro-British, and is thus drastically different from the "communazi" type of canard served up to most Easterners by the press.

To sum up: Pittsburgh is going for FDR "declarations" but labor is showing a multitude of reservations. These reservations are based on the growing gulf between the past words of the New Deal and the present actual performance of the Roosevelt administration. A Roosevelt vote is essentially and emphatically not a mandate for war and continued unemployment. Quite the contrary, as the Great White Father will find out after election day.

SIMON W. GERSON.

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Death in the PM

Ralph Ingersoll got an idea and a million and a half dollars. What happened. The pro-war paper that masquerades as progressive. You can't fool all of the people. . . .

NEWSPAPERMEN have long toyed with the idea of a paper without advertising. The theory was that such a paper, independent of conservative advertisers, could tap a vast progressive circulation, sell for a nickel, and make money. On New York newsstands, the city room boys used to say, there's a hole between the *Post* and the *Daily Worker* you could drive a Mack truck through. Last June a gilt-edged young publishing executive named Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, flushed with success on *Time, Inc.,* and the *New Yorker,* announced he was going to try out the theory. He called his experiment *PM.*

Technically, *PM* was touted as the last word in newspaper design—a streamlined picture tabloid printed in two colors by a brand new process. Editorially, Ingersoll said, it would be aggressively liberal, an "organ of the popular front." The American press, he pointed out, had in recent years discredited itself on every important issue: Roosevelt in '36, the Spanish war, the Finnish war. Golden opportunity awaited a progressive organ aimed at the consumer, the trade unionist, "the little people," as he used to call them.

The advance publicity was so good that over ten thousand people applied for jobs. Those hired were promised they could write the news as they pleased and even, when the spirit moved them, speak their minds on an editorial page. The staff was genuinely progressive, and the public was impressed. When the first edition appeared June 18, copies were snatched from the stands. For a few giddy days circulation kissed 350,000.

THE REALITY

At first glance *PM* hardly lived up to prepublication promises. The new printing process was a failure: colors were muddy, pictures were blurred, editions stayed so long in the pressroom that *PM* was late with the news. Coverage was inadequate: while the Germans blasted their way across western Europe, foreign news got two tabloid pages a day. Labor news, however, was more carefully reported than in any other commercial paper. Editorial policy at first seemed confused. *PM* was pro-Roosevelt but occasionally kicked over the traces. Once it even censured the President for dragging the country toward war. "Sometimes we wish the President would stop playing the national nervous system like a Clavilux organ," said an editorial the first week. "With a fouled rudder and a brilliant political virtuoso at the helm, the great hulk of American democracy drifts toward premature wars."

The confusion did not last long. Within two weeks Ingersoll personally took over the editorial page—he had promised not to do so "unless I can't keep my mouth shut"—and moved it up to a choice position on page two. Day by day he waxed more warlike, though at first he hedged with such phrases as: "Don't read any political significance into these remarks. They're not to suggest I would like to have this country go to war. I wouldn't. . . ." In two months he was unmistakeably calling for America to go to war, the sooner the better. His reaction to the Japanese Axis pact September 30 was typical:

> I am moved in wonder at what terrible things have to happen before the American people, who alone are strong enough and resourceful enough to put an end to these things, are stirred to act without compromise.

A fair illustration of his editorial evolution is the series he did on conscription. At first he is all sympathy with the "kids" who are to be drafted. They never get a break, he says. Slowly he puts on the pressure; in the end he tells them they're going to war anyway, so they might as well get used to the idea.

> *July* 10: Neither do I like much the talk of conscription. . . . To force the people of a democracy to war is a contradiction in terms.
> *August* 5: I am sure when the time comes we will want conscription.
> *August* 23: You are citizens of this country . . . there is no question but that you are going to have to fight for it.

Said Ingersoll: "This is becoming more of a personal organ than was contemplated." Other departments were forced into line behind the editorial page. The National Affairs department of the paper produced a series of articles on German spies mostly cribbed from old copies of the *Saturday Evening Post.* It said nothing about the British agents both official and unofficial, in the country. A City News department crusade against the city's food inspection gradually revealed itself only as a hack circulation building device.

Its staff hampered by slow printing and overloaded with magazine people, *PM* gradually gave up the struggle to be a newspaper and became a daily news magazine. Nowadays most of its copy is planned in the office; little is spot news. *PM* has begun to fall back on features, of which the two most clearly demonstrating retreat from progressive ideas are:

1. Louis Raemakers, cartoonist, who was an official British propagandist, specialized during the last war in Belgian nuns impaled on Hun bayonets. Raemakers is up to his old tricks in *PM.*

2. Walter Winchell, who writes a pro-Roosevelt, pro-British, pro-war column signed Paul Revere II.

From the staff's standpoint, *PM* isn't much like they thought it would be. Of the original 160, most of whom left secure, well-paid jobs to join this newspaper-of-the-future, about forty have been fired on forty-eight hours' notice. Ingersoll once made a speech in which he said he couldn't afford to pay for overtime, but that those staff members who turned out the most work would survive. Somebody mentioned the Wage-Hour Act, and he officially backed down. Recently the situation was improved when the New York Newspaper Guild secured a contract. Ingersoll had once remarked: "*PM* believes in the institution of the trade union—including the trade union in journalism." But when he was first confronted with a proposed contract he wrote to the guild: "I don't like a great many things in it. . . ."

> *On salaries:* "I found the salaries asked [by the guild] out of line on the up side. . . ."
> *On guild shop:* ". . . I will not consider any contract which requires me to require [non-union employees] to join the guild."
> *On preferential hiring* [guild to get five days to try to fill vacancies]: "I don't see what it's for and I'm against it."
> *On pay cuts* [no cuts during life of contract, standard clause in all union contracts]: "I'm afraid I shall have to say a flat no."
> *On forty-hour week* (rejecting seven hours for night work): "Everybody here has enough stake in the success of this paper to work a great many more than 40 hours a week. . . . But the [wages and hours] law is there and we've got to and will comply with it. . . ."
> *On dismissals:* "I don't like that stipulation saying 'state the cause' [for firings]."

Ingersoll gave in on most of his objections when the staff showed a firm front during protracted and at times deadlocked negotiations. The contract finally signed was based on that of the *Daily News,* considered one of the best in the city.

EDITORIAL POLICY CHANGE

PM became more and more reactionary. On July 12 Ingersoll printed a full page of names and pictures of *PM* staff members of varied political persuasions who he said had been accused of being Communists or sympathizers. Righteously he declared: "There will be no Red—or orange or green—hunt on *PM,*" ignoring the fact that his "Red" page provided a handy blacklist for other publishers. Privately Ingersoll charged Roy Howard, publisher of the rival *World-Telegram,* with starting a whispering campaign to smear *PM* as Red. The obvious truth was that every Red charge leveled at *PM* meant nickels in the till.

After the first bonanza week circulation fell to around 120,000, a sharper drop than normal after initial curiosity sale. And as time went by the paper slowly improved technically; printing kinks have been ironed out, a copy

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desk has been installed to reduce errors, news coverage has been slightly expanded. But the circulation stays down—the trouble clearly lies with the editorial policy. *PM* has betrayed its promise. It was sold to the public as an independent newspaper without financial strings. It is not. If it had been free to build circulation as a genuinely progressive voice in today's wilderness of newspaper reaction, it could have scored a smashing success. Under its present policy it loses thousands of dollars daily. The money has to come from somewhere.

What a newspaper is depends on whose it is, and the explanation of *PM's* political degeneration must be sought in the background of its publisher and his associates. As a New Dealer, Ingersoll was a black sheep among his fellow executives of *Time, Life,* and *Fortune.* Impatient at colleagues who failed to appreciate Roosevelt's brainy job of keeping American capital in the saddle, he determined to cut loose and publish his own paper. *"PM,"* he said later, "was the simplest of all capitalistic processes—a young man's cashing in on his reputation, raising money to go in business for himself." He had sterling qualifications for money raising—not only had he edited some of America's most profitable magazines, his family connections were an asset. A grandfather, Ward McAllister, coined the term "the four hundred" and adorned that exclusive coterie. Ingersoll is a good salesman—a big, fleshy, self-confident man of real personal charm, invariably well dressed, impressively energetic. In his suave, lisping voice he reeled off his ideas to prospective investors with an eloquence that was known to bring tears to his own eyes. If the picture he drew differed slightly from the one proffered employees and the public, doubtless he meant every word he said to all parties when he said it. A cynical friend called him a solid gold confidence-man who fell for his own act.

By earnest salesmanship Ingersoll scratched together $1,500,000 for his "popular front" paper from as conservative a list of investors as ever clipped a coupon. Among them they bought fifteen thousand shares of preferred non-voting stock at $100 a share. Voting rights were vested in 300,000 shares of common stock valued at one cent a share. Half of this was distributed among buyers of preferred, a quarter went to Ingersoll, and the rest was held for eventual distribution among *PM* employees. Ingersoll got a salary of $36,000—$6,000 more than on *Time,* $9,000 less than he asked for—and a contract giving him complete editorial control for five years. Prominent on the list of his backers were Mrs. Louis Gimbel (Gimbel Bros. and Saks Fifth Ave.); Harry Scherman (Book-of-the-Month Club); M. Lincoln Schuster (Simon & Schuster); Mrs. Marion Rosenwald Stern and Lessing Rosenwald (Sears, Roebuck); George Huntington Hartford II (A&P); Philip A. Wrigley; John Hay Whitney; Dorothy Thompson; and Marshal Field III.

A glance at the list of stockholders explains Ingersoll's dilemma. Like Hearst once upon a time, he saw the key to mass circulation in a "leftist" policy. But he had to get his grubstake where the money grows—on the right. What he had not figured on was the rapid US drift toward war. Given his personal and financial background there could be no question of his stand on the war issue—he would line *PM* up beside the *Times, Sun,* and the *Post.* But papers which get their revenue from advertising can afford to plump for war and be done with it. *PM* depended basically on the nickels of its readers—it had to be careful. Ingersoll's problem was that the farther *PM* went to the right, the more readers it lost, and the farther it went to the left, the louder the stockholders howled. His scheme to keep corporate control in his own hands could work only as long as he showed profits. The moment he needed more money, and he must have known from the first that he would need it, he was at the mercy of his backers. One and a half million dollars is peanuts for starting a daily paper in New York City—Ingersoll reportedly spent a quarter of it before a press turned. He gambled on getting more capital once *PM* was a going concern. But in two months the initial capital was exhausted.

Ingersoll saw a peculiar sort of opportunity, however, in the war crisis that caused his difficulties. His was the same problem opportunists have faced time out of mind, and he met it in the traditional way—the Social Democratic way. *PM,* he decided, would play on both sides of the fence, it would be both right and left at the same time. To express his happy inspiration he worked out an editorial formula which has guided *PM's* policy almost since its first day, though it has never been frankly stated on the editorial page. To put it briefly, *PM* "campaigns" for everything the progressives want and it campaigns for everything the reactionaries want too: more tanks and better housing, cannon and butter, peace and war. Ingersoll even knows how this ambitious program can be carried out without costing the tax payer a penny: inflation!

In adopting his paradoxical position Ingersoll behaved in no way like the typical confused liberal, writhing in the toils of his conscience. He functioned as the editor-business man trying to tie all the loose ends together and put *PM* in the black. If he could deal honestly with his readers (and he did not) the more money he stood to make in the long run. His original plan to establish a more or less progressive newspaper was obstructed from the beginning by the very social and economic set-up that made possible both *PM* and his own function as a promoter-publisher.

STOCKHOLDERS WANTED WILLKIE

For in August, with the paper losing money fast, his stockholders went into a huddle and emerged with a request that *PM* come out for Willkie. That, they thought, would dispose of rumors that they were financing a Red sheet. Ingersoll was in a tight spot. He had been gradually remaking *PM* into a loyal supporter of the war drive, trying to scare off as few customers as possible in the process. But to come out abruptly for Willkie meant killing the paper and his own reputation as a smart political editor at one blow. He refused, and for several weeks the cashbox rang hollow. At least twice *PM* was within twenty-four hours of suspending publication. The office saw little of Ingersoll—he was running from one stockholder to another pleading with them to give the paper a chance.

FIELD GETS CONTROL

Ultimately, one of his richest and brainiest backers, Marshall Field III, made a proposition. He would put up $300,000 to buy all the outstanding preferred stock at 20 cents on the dollar, and another $500,000 for *PM* to go along on. The other stockholders would also get a few shares in a holding company which might conceivably one day repay the rest of their money. Field got their 50 percent of the voting stock and with it virtual control, although Ingersoll still had his five-year contract. The department store magnate did not put up the extra $800,000 out of sympathy with a journalistic experiment. He is a director of the Allied Relief fund and active in campaigns to aid Great Britain. *PM* can pay him off in other ways than cash.

As soon as the deal was completed, Ingersoll left for London. He had let financial control of his brain child slip through his fingers, and possibly his conscience hurt a little. He said he had heard that something big was going to break out in England any minute, and he wanted to be in on the greatest story of the century. He is still in England waiting.

PM shapes up today as a daily news magazine parading under a banner of progressivism, but in fact it is the property of a wealthy conservative whose interest in it hinges on its use to get this country into war. It presents a peculiar danger not found elsewhere in the war-mongering press, in that it ostensibly leans toward the left. *PM* is willing to come out for any number of liberal causes if its major point—war—can be put over. Its success in fomenting the war spirit depends on the further flow of capital, which is its life blood until and unless it becomes a paying proposition—and while it follows its present policy it never will. *PM's* liberalism is deliberately assumed camouflage.

Ingersoll himself wrote *PM's* epitaph as a left-wing paper in a widely circulated memo analyzing the reasons for its demi-failure:

> As to evidence on the size of the potential audience for a *PM* type of paper, the best evidence is the response to the dream—as defined in the original prospectus and advertising. There's no question but what we could have sold over a million a day while people were drunk with this dream during the first week. . . . They proved themselves even more disillusioned and dissatisfied with the existing press than even I anticipated. In fact, one reason we dropped the ball was the fact that they threw it back at us so fast. The potential is still there.

PAUL G. MCMANUS.

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Strictly Personal by RUTH McKENNEY

Here's My Vote

NOVEMBER 5 will be the third time I've voted for an American president, and I feel very solemn about it.

I just got in under the wire in 1932. My twenty-first birthday wasn't until November 18, but the Akron, Ohio, Board of Elections, laboring under the strange delusion that I was a Republican, went to quite a lot of trouble to register me for the election. Republicans were scarce in Akron that year and the Board of Elections stood for Herbert Hoover to the last man, even if nobody else in town did. So I trotted off to the polls that bleak winter morning, quite choked up with excitement, to cast my first vote.

I'm sorry to say my number one presidential vote went to Norman Thomas, but I was only twenty-one and extraordinarily dumb for twenty-one at that. I had never heard of William Z. Foster, and I thought, in my innocence, that the Socialist Party stood for socialism and Mr. Thomas for the working class. I marked my ballot—we didn't have voting machines back in Ohio—with a good deal of smug pride. I had been working as a reporter on an Akron newspaper for a whole year, which was more than long enough to convince anybody who was not chicken hearted, bird brained, or cynical that capitalism deserved nobody's vote. It irritates me now to think of that wasted vote.

My second vote went to Earl Browder and James Ford and next election day I'm going to get up early, whip through my husband's breakfast, rush him into his overcoat, and deliver the family bright and early at the Westport fire station, where we will have the deep satisfaction of pulling the voting machine lever for peace, for jobs, for the freedom of the Negro people, for socialism —and for Earl Browder and James Ford who happen to be our personal heroes as well as the only people's candidates in the election.

But here I make an apology. I started to write of both Browder and Ford—but that is too much for one column. And so I shall confine myself to one hero, and subsequently I want to pay tribute to James Ford, a great Communist, the leader of the Negro people.

I use the word "hero" just above with considerable trepidation. If I were a better Marxist, if I understood the science of history more exactly, I could write about Earl Browder with more skill. As it is, I am afraid of blundering into the vulgarity of the purely personal, of the cheap little phrases, afraid of separating this extraordinary man from his work, his strength, his life. Stalin, in his great essay, "Mastering Bolshevism," likens Communists to the Greek hero Antaeus, who could never be defeated so long as he clung to his mother, the earth. With Earl Browder, this poetic analogy is very clear. This man cannot be understood at all unless this simple fact is comprehended: Earl Browder's life is the life of the American working class. He is at once nourished by the people, and their leader. His triumphs are never personal ones; they belong to the millions. Like Antaeus, whose strength was the earth, Earl Browder's life is inseparable from the American working class.

Having made this clear, I think I will not be misunderstood when I say that my husband and I will cast our vote November 5 with deep pride and great love for the man whose very name means "Communist" to hundreds of thousands of Americans. For Earl Browder is just completing the most courageous, the most brilliant, the most important campaign in the recent history of our nation. In fact, if it were not that the comparison has been made odious by the cheap liars—and I use that ugly word exactly—of the capitalist parties, I should say the truth: Earl Browder's campaign in the 1940 election is the greatest since Abraham Lincoln went to the people in 1860, and this achievement, like all the others of Earl Browder's life, is the peculiar pride, the rich property of the American working class.

Consider the facts. Early in the year, the shape of things to come was made clear. Wall Street prepared for war, the sooner the better, and just so soon as the American people could be "prepared" for the great betrayal, the great sacrifice. Alone among the political parties in the United States, the Communists raised their voices to rally the workers against the attack. Wall Street took note; an administration overnight turned bootlicker to the rich in their hour of crisis and need, reached out, snarling, for the leaders of the Communist Party. Browder was sentenced to four years in prison on a trumped up charge.

That was last winter. The administration sat back and rubbed its hands. Robbed of its most eloquent and most vigorous leader, the Communist Party could limp pitifully through the fall campaign. I really believe they even thought, in Washington, that should Earl Browder manage to defer his sentence by appeals, he would be muzzled by the fear of imprisonment.

And now, in the words of an ex-hero of the people, look at the record. The Communist Party enters election campaigns not because it imagines it can put Earl Browder in the White House, just now anyway, but because the contests serve as a chance to reach the American people with the truth. The 1940 campaign began with Earl Browder's great report to the Communist convention in June. The newspapers buried that document or didn't mention it at all. But in November, even the capitalist parties have been driven to paying lip service to the issues Earl Browder raised five months ago. For the Communists have distributed hundreds of thousands of copies of that tough, realistic document, and hundreds of thousands of Americans are asking the questions today that Earl Browder first asked in that packed, hushed auditorium: why billions for a phony "defense" when a year ago there was hardly one cent for housing? Why are we preparing for war when the people want peace?

The Browder report opened the campaign. The newspapers, the radio officials, the government, frightened by the opening guns, tried to put a silencer on Earl Browder and the Communist Party. But like William Garrison, the Communists would be heard. In spite of threats, in spite of jail sentences, in spite of terror, in spite of judges who kept Earl Browder in New York City, the Communists have used this election campaign to speak to the American people, to speak, and be heard. In a series of great speeches, Earl Browder outlined the problems of youth, presented a program for a foreign policy so realistic it rocked the bigwigs in Washington and left them fumbling hopelessly for a rebuttal, hammered home again and again the issue of peace. The government bottled Earl Browder up in New York; but the people responded by first collecting the enormous sums needed for coast to coast broadcasts and then forcing the radio companies to sell time to the Communist Party.

I heard Earl Browder speak at the John Reed memorial meeting. He was greeted by an almost overwhelming applause as he walked up to the speakers' stand; the thousands at that great meeting enveloped him in the warmth of their affection, the depth of their pride. When he began to speak, his modest, clear voice brought a hushed silence. He made a beautiful speech, rich in literary allusion, profound in conception, warm, and hopeful.

And this was the man the judges thought they could silence! This was the man they dared to think they could intimidate. He has been in prison before, they reflected, he knows what agony jail can be. He is fifty years old now, he has children, he has a home, this time the sentence will rest more heavily on his shoulders, this time the blow will crush him. That's what they thought.

But they reckoned without the legend of Antaeus. They tried to silence Earl Browder; he turned to the people and found his voice.

My vote this year is by way of saying, Salud, Earl Browder!

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Boss Flynn Delivers

Bruce Minton visits the spot where the murder of the franchise was committed. Greene County, New York, sees the storm troopers march. The tactics of terror.

To THE small farmers came the bankers who held mortgages on their land. To the shopkeepers came the chief of police and the editor of the local newspaper. To the workers came emissaries from the plant. To the Negroes came the WPA supervisors. The Legionnaires cocked blue caps over one eye and made the rounds of the small villages. Fear gripped the people of Greene County, New York, fear of hunger and violence and eviction. So it was in Germany when the storm troopers burst into the houses of the poor. So it was in up-state New York last week.

"They said I had signed allegiance to a foreign government in signing the petition. I knew that I signed the Communist Party petition and want my signature to remain," said Willie Mae Allen, housewife. . . . "A man came," said Mrs. Margaret Buck, "but he didn't say where he was from and said it was an illegal paper I signed. . . ." Frank Duby, no longer young, said, "I then signed a statement for the American Legion only because they threatened to take my pension and citizenship, and I would have to go to a detention camp until after the war. . . ." Rev. John Martin said, "They told me I had signed to have the Catholics rule the country in signing the Communist petition. . . ." "They told me I did something against the government and I was afraid. . . ." "They said I would be cut off WPA or relief. . . ." "I was shown a photostat copy of my signature and was told it was proof of membership in the Communist Party."

It is hard to tell the story of these "little people." The pattern is all too familiar, the pattern of West Virginia, Pittsburgh, and Pekin, Ill. The word "fascism" is often abused these days—but it was fascism that gripped the New York towns, and men and women were deeply afraid. Every premise of democracy was suddenly obliterated. "We command," said the American Legion and the courts: no choice remained for those they intimidated. Refusal to comply meant starvation. One does not defy those who can give and take away jobs and relief and homes.

The terror came suddenly. On the legally designated date, the Communist Party of New York filed election petitions which were provisionally certified. Everything was done according to the strict statutes: where the law required twelve thousand signatures, the Communist Party filed 43,700. In each county, so the law read, a minimum of fifty signatures must be obtained—and in no county had the Communists received less than two hundred.

Then word came down from high places that the Communists must not be allowed to participate in free elections. The machines took note and the ward heelers went into action. J. J. O'Connell of Tammany gave the order to the strong-arm squad, and the regulars scurried through Albany while the newspapers screamed "Fifth Column!" at those who had signed the Communist petition. But Albany is a city of considerable size, with workers organized into unions and with means of resisting terror. And the ward heelers got nowhere with their threats.

They returned to Herkimer County and other rural areas. Here again they ran into organization, into farmers who had joined the unions in the milk-shed region and who said to those who called on them, "No man can tell me what I can sign or can't sign. If you value your health, you'll get off my land."

The petition still stood unchallenged. But the machine must get results. For the necessity of barring the Communist Party from the ballot was a matter of practical politics. Boss Edward J. Flynn of Tammany, chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the campaign manager of Franklin D. Roosevelt, had sized up the situation. In 1938, he recalled, the Communists had polled 106,000 votes: Governor Herbert Lehman, Democrat, had been reelected by the slim margin of 64,000 votes. In 1940, it was obvious to those in the know, the Republicans could not win the presidential election without a victory in New York.

Boss Flynn's machine hurriedly went out with petitions for the Prohibition Party and put it on the ballot—to capture Republican votes in the dry rural areas. But the Communist vote might easily be the balance of power. So emissaries from Democratic headquarters sounded out the Communists. If they would support the President, then they could expect certain concessions—their candidates would be on the ballot and things would go easier for them, and, without putting it into words, the hint fell that perhaps persecutions and attacks on the Communists would wane. But Boss Flynn learned that the Communist Party was not on the auction block. And the machine was then convinced that a free election must not be construed to mean that a legal minority party had the right to endanger the chances of Tammany and Roosevelt.

Clearly, the Communists must be robbed of the ballot. Joel Slonim, old-time Democrat who had often before used his journalistic talents for the glory of Tammany Hall, predicted in the columns of *The Day*, Jewish daily pledged to the machine:

> Ed Flynn himself, who is the former Secretary of State in New York, is convinced that Browder will not be a candidate. He made no secret of this at a press conference. He said that all the signatures on Browder's petitions would be carefully investigated, and therefore he would not be able to be a candidate. . . . The Democrats believe, though they are not sure about it, that should Browder be taken off the ballot, all the Communists or at least a large part would be compelled to vote for Roosevelt. How the Communists would vote, I cannot say, but that Earl Browder will not be on the ballot that I can almost predict with certainty. . . . Though it is believed in the higher Democratic circles that Roosevelt will surely be elected . . . recently they have begun to look upon the campaign from a different standpoint.

Still the Communist petitions were filed and certified. It was not enough to "per-

Browder Testifies

ON OCTOBER 26, Earl Browder, general secretary and presidential candidate of the Communist Party, appeared before the Senate Campaign Expenditures Committee to charge that attempts in New York state to bar the Communist Party from the ballot "endanger the whole democratic process" in the United States. In this testimony, Browder declared that the intimidation used to prevent votes being cast for the Communists violated the Hatch act, the Corrupt Practices Act, and "the Constitutional safeguards of free elections as well as embracing a series of violations of criminal laws."

Behind the intimidation, Browder informed the Gillette Committee, was the hope of the Democratic Party "to secure the votes which would be cast for our ticket to the Democratic ticket." Browder told of being approached as recently as last July "by persons whom we had every reason to believe did not speak for themselves alone, who suggested the advisability of continued collaboration in 1940" between the Communist and Democratic parties. "That is the special motive which has created the situation where we have been, as I say, denied our place on the ballot in spite of the fact that we have complied with the law four times over in respect to signatures to our petitions."

Senator Guy M. Gillette ended the hearing with the statement that the members of the Committee "are just as anxious as you or anyone in the United States can be to see that the right of the free and untrammeled ballot is maintained for the American citizens and everyone who, under our law, is entitled to vote."

But three days later in Albany, the Appellate Division upheld the lower court which had ordered the Communist Party excluded from the ballot. The majority of the Appellate Division are Democrats. The American Legion used terror, the courts went through its ritual, and as we go to press the Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the lower court and denied the right of the ballot to the Communist Party of the state of New York.

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suade" signers to withdraw their names. That method had no legal validity unless fraud could be proved. Signers must be forced to swear that their names had been fraudulently obtained—though every petition carried the name of the Communist Party in large, heavy type. The initial drive in Albany and elsewhere had fizzled. In desperation, the machine called on the "non-political" American Legion for aid.

The Legion, however, found that it could accomplish no more than the ward heelers in towns where unions existed or in farm areas where the farmers had fought the milk trust. The tactic must be changed. Lawyers scrutinized the law for loopholes: they discovered that if the people in only one county could be bullied into swearing that their signatures had been obtained by misrepresentation, then the entire petition of 43,700 voters could be invalidated. The drive began in Greene and Franklin Counties, where there were no unions and where the farmers were impoverished and unemployment was high. The newspapers whipped up the lynch atmosphere, publishing the names of those who had signed the petitions, while the Legionnaires rushed from house to house, called special meetings, sent out warnings that those who had signed the Communist petitions must recant or be out of jobs, off relief, forfeit their homes, leave the county, lose their citizenship, risk personal violence. Hysteria shrilled through isolated communities like the panic that grips a Negro community in the South when the lynch mob forms, like the desperation in the Jewish quarter of a German city when the brown-shirted bands march.

Once under way, events moved quickly. The Legion meetings ended with mass repudiation of signatures. The Legion rushed into court, demanding an order to keep the Communist Party off the ballot. Without a moment's hesitation, without giving a bill of particulars, without notifying the attorneys for the Communist Party what counties were under question, the trial began. The court convened in Albany; abruptly it shifted venue to Catskill, Greene County. And the parade of witnesses commenced.

The courtroom was not large. But the Legion subpenaed two hundred witnesses in one day, herded them into the small room where the air grew fetid. Children who could not be left alone at home whined, and infants wailed. Two hundred witnesses could not possibly be heard in one day, but the Legion rounded up the people like cattle, and the police refused to let mothers take babies into the fresh air when the court recessed for a brief period. The Negroes were carefully segregated—for was this not a case to preserve the sacred institutions of democracy? And when the victims were marched off to lunch, the white folk were cramped into one restaurant, the Negroes into another, a small, evil-smelling joint. An old woman protested: "I am a lady," she said. "I have never been in such a place in my life!" The guard told her to shut up.

The trial dragged on, with Supreme Court Justice William H. Murray, berobed and bespectacled, adjourning the sessions when in doubt and retiring to his chamber to consult with the Legion's attorney, Samuel M. Birnbaum. The witnesses passed in a steady stream, each one remembering the words that had been yelled at him in the court library where the Legionnaires gave a private audience to each signer. And as Mr. Birnbaum pointed at them accusingly, the witnesses answered the set questions with set answers. "Is this your signature?" In every case (and 160 took the stand) the answer was "Yes." "Now state the circumstances under which your signature was obtained." All replied, "I thought I was signing an anti-war petition." In rapid succession, "Did you know you were signing a Communist Party petition? . . . If you had known that this was a Communist Party petition would you have signed it? . . . Did you intend then to support the Communist Party? . . . Do you intend to support the Communist Party now? . . ." and the witnesses mumbled out "No," blankly four times without looking at Joseph Brodsky of the Communist defense.

Of 160 witnesses, not one had known, so he claimed, that he had signed a Communist Party election petition, not one remembered even the slightest variation in the manner in which his signature was obtained. It was pat, the perfect crime, and anyone who has read a ten-cent magazine detective story, as Attorney Brodsky remarked, knows that the perfect crime is invariably too slick, too clever, with a flaw the reader never fails to spot.

The flaws were obvious. Cross-examination proved that the Negro witnesses had talked with those who had brought the petitions, had discussed James Ford, vice presidential candidate on the Communist ticket, had praised the Communists for nominating a Negro. But still they said they didn't know what they had signed. A woman with an infant in her lap, whose face was drawn and whose color was that of dirty white plaster, looked pleadingly at Brodsky when she denied knowledge of what she had signed. "Do you remember what the weather was like on that day?" Brodsky asked. "It was raining," she said. "And did you ask those people with the petition into your house?" "Yes," she said. "Did they stay long?" "For half an hour or so." "And what did you talk about?" "About old-age pensions, and WPA, and keeping this country out of war and getting jobs for all of us." "And yet you didn't know what you were signing, didn't know it was a Communist petition?" And the woman hung her head and cried.

They were not dishonest people, they were only terribly afraid. The engineer with a job at stake repeated that he had not understood what he was signing. Yet he admitted that when he read the newspaper threats against those who had signed the Communist petitions, he was afraid. "But how could you be afraid if you did not know what you had signed?" asked Brodsky. And the young man shook his head helplessly.

At the very end of the trial, an aged Negro took the stand. He sat there erect and dignified, answering the Legion's questions as he knew they must be answered. But he smiled at Brodsky, and then he told the court that after he had signed the petition, "I had much trouble."

"Did you have much trouble after the Legionnaires came?"

"Yes."

Brodsky turned to him and said, "You are an old man, Mr. Walker. What are they doing to you? Why do you have much trouble?" The judge intervened. Yet Elias Walker drew himself up and said, "I had much trouble. I am here because I was subpenaed. I am here to get straightened out. I thought I did right, but now they tell me I must get straightened out. So I am here."

He was straightened out, and he denied the truth because his existence was at stake. The Legion made its summation. Brodsky talked for twenty minutes. "Don't make the mistake of thinking the love of America is concentrated in the American Legion alone," he said. "I too love America, and my love for America makes me want to preserve the most beautiful thing in it, that is liberty, freedom of assembly, and freedom of expression even for those whose opinions we may hate even unto death." He pointed out that what happened in New York, where the largest proportion of Communist votes was concentrated, had significance far beyond the borders of the state. The denial of the ballot in New York challenged the validity of the proud claim of free election throughout the entire nation. "I urge upon the court," Brodsky said, "that we live in perilous times and these are days when in our country, our cherished American traditional liberties are being attacked on all sides; we are being cut loose from our moorings; our standards seem no longer to be so solid. . . ." Yet in the end Judge Murray reached his predetermined verdict. The Communists were ordered off the ballot. The judgment was stayed by Chief Justice Lehman of the Court of Appeals.

The case went virtually unreported in the press. The Communist Party militantly resisted the attempts to remove its candidates from the ballot. Its explanation of the issues has been effective and has won for it new friends. But more than that, whatever the outcome of this perfect crime against free elections, the week of intimidation has left scars. The trial ended on the day that President Roosevelt broadcast to America; he talked of democracy and freedom and his hate of oppression. But the people of Greene County, the little people, sat by their radios and smiled bitterly. They did not say much. They just remembered that for the past week many of them had sworn to falsehoods in court because their families would suffer if they abided by the fine words of the President, if they angered the henchmen of Mr. Roosevelt—Boss Flynn, the O'Connell machine, and Supreme Court Justice Murray.

BRUCE MINTON.

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The Promise of China's Co-ops

Edgar Snow spends some time at headquarters of the largest of the five regional offices of Chinese Industrial Cooperatives. Their great accomplishments and their greater possibilities.

PAOCHI is regional headquarters for ten "Indusco" depots, which now embrace over four hundred cooperatives reaching all the way from the Szechwan-Shensi border northward to the Great Wall at Yulin, and from Lanchow in western Kansu to guerrilla areas as far east as Shansi and Honan. It is an immense territory, five times the size of France, and the largest covered by any of the five regional offices of Chinese Industrial Cooperatives.

This little town was at the beginning of the war a sleepy hamlet where muleteers and camel pullers dumped their loads at the terminus of the Lunghai Railway, but it now has about seventy thousand inhabitants and all the bustle of a frontier boom town. It grew so fast that before the new "outer" gate was finished it was in the center of the city. There is a Wild West shaggy look about it, with the muddy streets full of mules, horses, carts, camels, trucks, and marching men. By a stroke of good fortune it has one of the most enlightened magistrates in China, and his enthusiastic support helped the cooperative movement to take root quickly, and win for the town the nickname *Kungho Ch'eng*—Indusco City.

Here within a year after Lu Kuang-mien, a cooperative expert and graduate of Edinburgh University, arrived to open an office, I found "Indusco" proudly operating its own wholesale and retail stores, its own clubhouse, equipped with the only shower baths in town. Cooperatives in the vicinity were making shoes, canvas bags, clothing, tools, soap, dyes, electrical goods, confectionery, military uniforms, leggings, canvas cots, tents, blankets, etc. The cooperative store was the largest in town, and when I visited there carried over two hundred different articles, representing the work of sixty-three shops and factories. Subsequently it was partly destroyed by bombing. But the members took it philosophically. They remarked that the Japanese had saved them the trouble of pulling down premises already too small, and proceeded to rebuild on a larger scale.

Paochi's big cooperative store was under the general direction of the Union of Cooperatives, but since most workers had a limited business experience, the headquarters staff helped manage it. Three members of the board of directors were from headquarters, and four were elected by the Union. Retail sales were averaging $5,000 a day and wholesale business was larger. While I was there the army bought $100,000 worth of medical gauze and $24,000 worth of clothing. Not long afterward it ordered 250,000 woollen blankets, thirty thousand pounds of bandages, thirty thousand pounds of medical cotton, and thousands of greatcoats and stretchers. None of these necessities had been made locally until "Indusco" entered the market.

Rapid expansion placed quite a burden on the headquarters staff of forty-six experienced organizers and technicians, but they were recruiting help through a training school which had already graduated sixty-one men and ten women. These young people, paid the equivalent of but one or two American dollars a month, wore cotton shorts and shirts and straw sandals, and ate and lived like the peasants among whom they went forth to preach cooperation. In Paochi both headquarters and depot staff members dwelt communally in modest dormitories, where their food cost very little. The shower baths, a luxury adjoining the clubroom, were gravity-fed arrangements made of Standard Oil tins, with little knobs that adjusted the water flow. You got a bath for five cents.

One morning when I was sitting on my cot eating a bowl of puffed rice—an "Indusco" product—a bright-eyed young woman wearing a boyish bob and a blue cotton gown came in diffidently and introduced herself as Jen Chu-ming. A graduate of the London School of Economics, Miss Jen was head of the Women's Work Department of CIC, and "the best man around here," as somebody put it. This gallant little lady had just returned from a month's hard travel in Kansu and Shensi, where she had been setting up literacy and training schools. She thought nothing of personal hardships and adventures which a generation ago no Chinese woman would have dreamed of facing alone; she was interested only in talking to me about her work.

Here in the ancient valleys of the Wei and the Han and in the loess villages in fields of waving wheat, thousands of women and children came to a halt after fleeing hundreds of miles westward from the Japanese or from lands flooded by the Yellow River. They lived in marshed villages besides natives of the province who were themselves often as poor as the refugees. *Hsin* (district) government gave them rice, but nothing more. Jen Chu-ming had the novel belief that these people could be organized into an asset of the state. She and her four assistants—five girls to tackle two vast provinces!—began their mission first with refugee children, for whom they conducted primary schools. Sometimes they used cooperative premises; sometimes the open fields were their classrooms. In six months they had organized nineteen classes and had recruited volunteer teachers to lead them. Besides literacy, the homeless and the orphans were taught arithmetic, geography, hygiene, progress of the war, songs of freedom—and cooperative principles.

Miss Jen said that while mere eagerness to learn enabled them to organize the children quickly, this did not work with women. "In woman ignorance is a virtue," an old Chinese proverb says. Women in the Northwest are still very conservative, many have bound feet, and tradition teaches that woman must obey man, and take no step without his consent. In one village a woman who wished to join a cooperative and learn to read was beaten by her husband with a cattle whip. Everyone from the magistrate down agreed it was the proper method of chastisement for a "rebel wife."

"So we turned to recreation and told jokes and stories of mothers and wives who understood the cause of their nation, and who urged their sons and husbands to join the fight," Jen Chu-ming explained. "We told stories of brave deeds done by girls. We found these tales very effective and stimulating. Thus we came back to the traditional Chinese way of teaching morals and conduct—by stories of sacrifice and heroism."

To win acceptance for cooperatives in the village it was necessary to bring local women into the movement as well as refugees. Once Miss Jen found some destitute families living in caves only a short distance from middle class village women who were quite unaware of their neighbors' misery, but who were idle themselves and wanted something useful to do. She organized training classes for both groups; and both formed cooperatives.

Jen Chu-ming's work had gone just far enough to demonstrate its possibilities. After nine months of teaching, she and her assistants had organized twenty-one co-ops involving approximately six thousand women. Although only a small percentage of them had yet found the courage to make the deep plunge of buying shares, by risking an investment of a dollar or two, they were learning about a new mode of production, and seeing and hearing things nobody had bothered to explain before. Two textile training schools had taught over one thousand women how to use improved spindles and looms, and many of these were teaching others, in after-work classes, what they had learned.

The transformation wrought in the human lives affected was startling. The women were discovering a new way of living together; for the first time they felt a purpose in life, a sense of belonging to a group. For the first time they worked for a larger personality than a "boss" or the family or just themselves. Many made contributions from their tiny profits to the soldiers at the front. Some of them voted to give all overtime free to the making of comforts for the troops. The war began to take on reality and acquired a meaning in their own future.

No wonder Miss Jen wished for a million dollars instead of the twenty thousand then allotted for her work. From the government she received no direct help, but Mme. Chiang

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Kai-shek granted her the sum mentioned out of relief funds raised overseas. The miracles of economy accomplished in China are, expressed in terms of foreign currency, quite incredible unless you see them yourself.

I gave some small change to Paochi's "Indusco" orphans' training school—only about thirteen US dollars—which I was later amazed to hear had purchased winter suits, coats, and underwear, "Indusco" products for twenty-two boys! Miss Jen set up her first spinning and weaving cooperative, of forty persons, for the equivalent of only about $300 (US money). This figure included the cost of food and books for the forty women during a preliminary training period of two months, and the wages of four teachers *as well as* the capital investment in fourteen spinning wheels, four looms, initial raw material, and the rental of a farmhouse for workshop-schoolroom.

I visited cooperatives in Paochi for a week, but I never saw the last of them. Several new ones were formed during my stay there.

There hung in the distance, however, the major question of a post-war future for small-scale industry, and the danger of its obliteration by capitalist competition. For the moment this presented no urgent worry. Men recognized that "Indusco's" first task was to help win the war. Everybody agreed that if China is conquered no Chinese industry, cooperative or otherwise, could live. But the co-op workers as well as staff leaders were thinking about tomorrow.

The Northwest headquarters staff and the Union were already discussing a plan for funding all their assets in a regional treasury, to be operated under a board of seven directors, the Union to elect four and the headquarters to appoint three. It would eventually take over all co-op loans and conduct a general banking and insurance business, becoming the common depository for all "Indusco" units. Control of the stock would reside in the co-ops themselves, which would be obliged to purchase shares to the extent of 20 percent of net profits and 5 percent of gross profits. When a National "Indusco" Union was formed the Northwest regional treasury would merge into a national treasury, itself conceived as forerunner of a National Industrial Cooperative Bank.

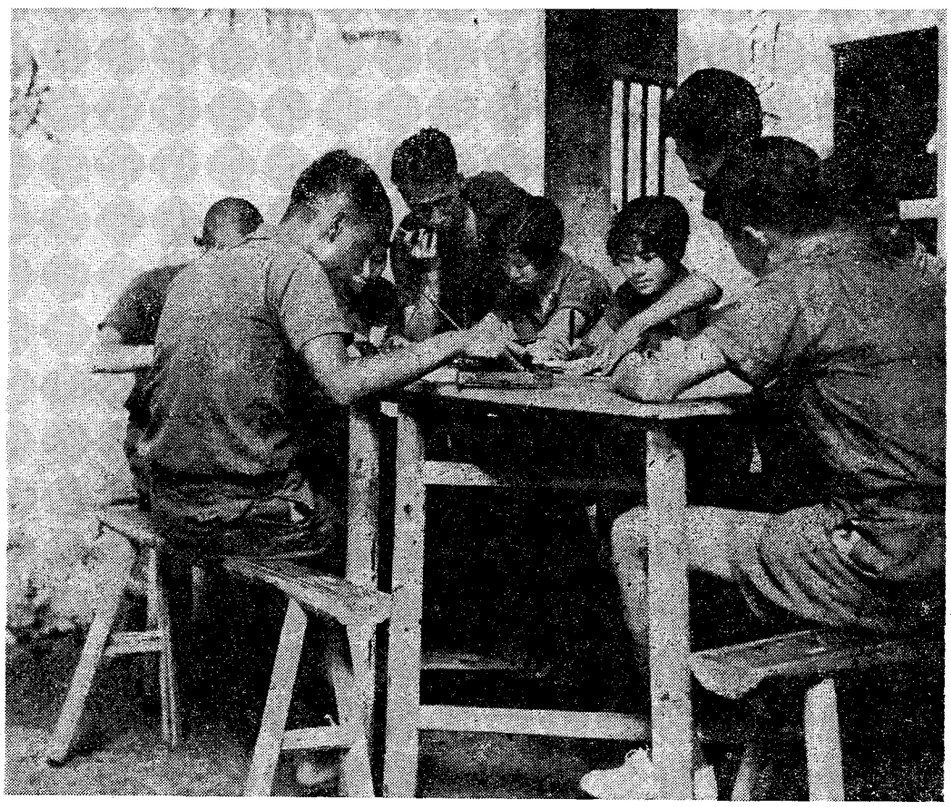
Opposition to such ambitions from political groups affiliated with the bureaucracy, the gentry, and industrial capital, may be expected to increase. Government policy favors state monopoly of war industry and communications, and private capitalist control of other industry. Until "Indusco" fought its way to national recognition, in fact, government planning identified wartime "industrial reconstruction" almost exclusively with the concept of industry and capital concentrated in a few big cities of the Southwest. The idea of decentralized industry built over the widest possible areas found few sponsors among government economists; and worker-owned industry probably never occurred to them at all. But the success of "Indusco" makes it quite clear that if cooperative industry is allowed to compete for capital and markets, on equal terms, conditions in Free China give it the advantage over old type private or family-owned industry. It may also compel the government to increase wages and social services in order to help skilled labor in state industries. Hence, the government may in the future either fundamentally revise its concept of industrialization, or exclude co-op enterprise from certain types of industry. The latter procedure might be fatal, as co-ops cannot be secure until they possess their own primary and servicing industries. The problem is not yet acute, however.

It once seemed possible that Washington might get rid of some of its embarrassment of gold by extending a loan to the American Committee for Industrial Cooperatives in China—in which case political opposition would dissolve, and the survival of "Indusco" would be assured. Such a loan would so stimulate production in Free China that it would virtually add a new nation to American export markets. It was hard for Chinese to understand why Congress cannot see that, nor did my explanations satisfy them. I used often to talk with Wu Ch'u-fei, a Michigan graduate who was chief engineer of the Northwest headquarters, about what could be done in China for the price of an American battleship. The average American woman spends every month on cosmetics and beauty aids alone a sum which would provide food, clothing, shelter, education, and a job in cooperative industry for a Chinese woman. It seemed to me life's strangest contrast in human values when I realized one day that the payoff which the Mdvani boy got from Barbara Hutton could, if given as a loan to this organization, provide fellowships and a means of livelihood for one million men and women in China.

This Wu Ch'u-fei, a power plant expert, was, among other things, experimenting in the manufacture of beer, and I expect to hear of a cooperative brewery there any day now. "Indusco" was already marketing a Rare Old Port Wine, according to the claim of the labels adorning the bottles, which added in proud, 24-point type, "Established 1939." A co-op confectionery somehow fell heir to large quantities of Shansi grape juice, but nobody could be induced to drink it under that name. It was now in great local demand, following the addition of a little syrup and alcohol, as foreign port.

One day I went with Wu to a meeting of organizers and workers, where to my bewilderment I heard the crowd giving a co-op song to a tune associated in the memory of every American with the "hoochy-koochy" dance. I accused Wu of corrupting local morals by introducing burlesque hall music, but he denied responsibility. It seemed some young people had heard it in Christian "sings" and adapted it to their own uses. We decided to remedy the situation and, together, wrote some Chinese verses to the tune of the *Budenny March,* which we introduced in a duet at the next meeting. It was in the groove. Before long I saw it printed in co-op publications throughout the Northwest.

EDGAR SNOW.



LEARNING THE PRINCIPLES OF COOPERATIVE ACCOUNTING. *A group of young men and women are keeping track of the accounts of one of China's new industrial cooperatives.*

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The Negro Chooses

AN EDITORIAL

On Monday, October 21, James W. Ford, vice-presidential candidate of the Communist Party, delivered a speech over the radio. He is a Negro. Never before in the hectic history of our presidential campaigns has a Negro spoken as he did over the airwaves of America. Hundreds of letters poured into the campaign headquarters of the Communist Party twenty-four hours after his talk reached the country. Frederick Douglass would have gloried in that speech: Negroes everywhere did. Letters came from unionists in the coalfields, from the sharecroppers in the scraggly cotton fields of the south. Consider this letter from Alabama: "From what we understand, Mr. Ford's party stands for the Constitution of this country, the USA, and is doing more to assure liberty and justice than any other to date. . . . I could write so much more as my father was a slave. . . ." Or this letter from Georgia: "Tonight I pray that God be with you. Please send me a copy of your radio speech where I can put it down in history where my children can see it. Also in my minutes at the church where many other people can see it."

What brought this response? President Roosevelt, clothed in all the pomp of his office, couldn't evoke such a response. He had tried. His opponent, Wendell Willkie, man of the millionaires, couldn't match that appeal. He had tried. Why then could James W. Ford?

Mr. Ford's appeal was two-fold: one, he came from the depths of this economically and socially submerged stratum of America; and second, he represented the Communist Party which alone has formulated a program that responds to the consuming desire of the Negro people for economic equality and for the democracy pledged them by the Constitution. Mr. Ford put it well when he said in his address that the "treatment of the Negro people is an acid test of the welfare and liberties of all the people." And every honest man can agree with him when he said directly to the rulers of this nation: "Gentlemen, we do not trust you to give democracy to anybody, anywhere in the world while you deprive us of human rights in defiance of the Constitution of the United States here at home."

What deprivation does he refer to? Consider the American Negro. He is the victim of the slum, the prisoner of the cotton patch, the sufferer of unemployment, the man over whose head hangs the sword of lynch law. He is the tenth of the population that is denied the most elementary economic, political, and social rights, particularly in the South. Over nine million Negroes live below the Mason-Dixon line; five millions in the Black Belt of the South where they comprise a majority of the population. And it is precisely there where the tory principle of "taxation without representation" applies. A poll tax is required before a voter may cast his ballot in federal, state, and local elections. This literally bars the impoverished Negro from the polls. And not only some four million Negroes are disfranchised, but about 64 percent of the poor white voters in the poll tax states: Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. The poll tax issue has become primary in the struggle for democratic rights in the South. The poll tax has resulted in the election of reactionary Congressmen by tiny minorities of the states' populations. The shameful example is Rep. Martin Dies, elected by only 7.7 percent of the voters of his district. And, as Mr. Ford pointed out: "Indeed, it was the disfranchisement of the Negro people particularly in the poll tax states that made it possible for the fateful conscription bill to be passed despite the opposition of the majority of the American people." Consider this: of the 263 Congressmen that put that bill over, one hundred hailed from Southern states and sixty-three of these were from poll tax states where the Negro is denied the right of the ballot. It is here, in the battle against the poll tax, that the need for unity of white and Negro is most clearly demonstrated.

The Negroes raised the issue of the tyrannous poll tax restrictions in the current election campaign. They urged, too, the passage of anti-lynch legislation. What happened? Consider this: A few fateful days ago sixteen million men registered for the draft. When the President signed the conscription bill, he said that democracy entailed equal obligations because it granted equal rights. But a short time before that, Senator Barkley, administration whip, declared that the government was too busy with defense to think about Negro rights. "The administration could not bother with equal rights for Negroes when it was a matter of passing the anti-lynch bill," Mr. Ford said, "but it had no trouble remembering the 'equal duties' of the Negroes when it came to conscription for war." To underscore all that was said above, the President officially raised Jim Crowism to the status of national policy by approving the segregation policy of the War Department and intimating that any effort to change it would interfere with the preparations for national defense. So the Negro remains in his Jim Crow regiments, officered by whites, graciously permitted to do the pick and shovel work of the army once again, in the finest tradition of the World War days, in the current tradition of Hitler's "forced labor" battalions.

To win the possibly strategic Negro vote, both parties suddenly evidenced great concern for the Negroes. The Democrats announced that in Elwood, Ind., Willkie's hometown, a sign on the streets says, "Nigger, don't let the sun go down on you in this town." But as Mr. Ford asks, "Why couldn't they discover that sign in Mississippi, in Alabama, in Georgia. . . .?" No Negro was taken in by the grandstand act. Mr. Willkie raised the cry that he was being "smeared." But a glance at Mr. Willkie's record as head of Commonwealth & Southern belies his protestations. He was the hidden power behind the most virulent Negro-hating political machines in a number of Southern states. So, both major parties offer nothing but the usual hasheesh of demagogy for the Negro in election time, nothing in reality but the corn-patch shack, the Jim Crow job, the measliest relief.

One choice, and only one, remains for the Negro—and the white—who understand that "Labor in the white skin cannot emancipate itself as long as labor in the black skin is branded." That choice is the Communist Party, whose record is spread on the pages of history for all to see. The Scottsboro case, the Herndon case, attest to that truth. The demonstrations before the relief offices for hungry Negro families point the moral. "What other party but the Communist Party, dedicated to the establishment of socialism, to that complete liberation for all the toilers already achieved in the Soviet Union, could really wage such a fight every day for the needs of my people?" Mr. Ford asks.

Indeed, what other party? The answer to that question is to be heard on November 5 in many a place where the word Communist was unknown yesterday.

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John L. Lewis' Speech

JOHN L. LEWIS was right in refusing to support the reelection of President Roosevelt; he was wrong in endorsing Wendell Willkie. Millions throughout the country eagerly awaited his radio address. They looked to him for the kind of statesmanship which they had learned to expect from Lewis. Here was an opportunity to declare labor's independence from both war-bent parties of big business and to strike out on a new course. Had not the CIO president intimated as much in a speech last April before the West Virginia miners in which he spoke of calling a convention of labor, youth, the farmers, the Negro and old-age pension groups to consider independent political action? Unfortunately, Lewis in his October 25 speech chose to return to the old path of supporting one or the other of the capitalist parties at a time when both are equally dedicated to war and reaction. To his supporters and admirers throughout the country his words proved a bitter disappointment.

There can be nothing but agreement with Lewis' denunciation of President Roosevelt. The President's policy does mean war. And he has shown a callous indifference to the needs of the millions of ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed. Throughout these past months John L. Lewis has performed a notable public service in opposing the course of the Roosevelt administration, in championing the rights of labor and the common people, and refusing to be stampeded by synthetic war hysteria. Had some of the so-called labor leaders who now are so eager to brand Lewis as "traitor" supported him during those months he might not now have felt impelled to turn to the Republican candidate as an alternative to Roosevelt. But the fact is that during those months such gentlemen as Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky were busy betraying labor and became the retainers and courtiers of the chief leader of the war party. These men now attack Lewis not so much because he supports Willkie as because he refuses to back FDR.

But for labor and the American people support of either of the war candidates promises only disaster. This is what John L. Lewis has failed to understand. Every syllable in his indictment of the President also applies to Willkie. In his speech before the miners last April the CIO president said: "I don't expect anything from the Republican Party because it is obvious that those who pay the fiddler call the tune." The only thing that has happened since then is that the Republican Party has chosen a candidate who is himself one of those who pay the fiddler, an industrial tycoon of first rank. In the light of the facts, Lewis' tribute to Willkie is fantastic. And it is tragic that the man who had the vision and courage to break with the reactionary AFL leadership and its outworn craft union methods and help organize a great historic movement for industrial unionism should in a time of crisis advocate a course so shortsighted.

Lewis undoubtedly regards his endorsement of Willkie as good practical politics and believes that labor will benefit. He made similar grave blunders in the past. In 1936 he hailed Roosevelt as "the greatest humanitarian of our time" and gave him the same kind of blank-check endorsement he now gives Willkie. For many years before 1936, he supported Republican candidates. The fruits of this policy are plain for all to see. Betrayal after betrayal has come from both Democratic and Republican Parties. Such gains as have been made by labor and the common people have been won by their own strength and independent organization. The most practical kind of politics today is to break the bonds that tie labor to the two old corrupt political machines and to prepare the ground for a national labor party. Lewis could have contributed to this if he had refrained from endorsing either old-party candidate. Our own feeling is that the best way of furthering a mass labor party is to vote for the Communist candidates, Earl Browder and James W. Ford.

Both the Willkie and Roosevelt press is attempting to create the impression that Lewis' speech is threatening to split the CIO. Who the real splitters are was made clear at the recent state CIO convention in New York at which delegates representing the majority of the membership were barred by Sidney Hillman's strong-arm squad. Whatever the outcome of the elections, the CIO needs to remain united around those policies which, under John L. Lewis, have made possible its unprecedented advances. In the difficult days to come labor will have to defend itself against the attempts to undermine its gains in the name of national defense. The Hillman policy is to deprive the workers of the right to strike and lead them into deeper servitude to the war profiteers. Against this treacherous policy the CIO will have to close ranks. And the millions still unorganized need the kind of protection it can bring. We trust that despite political differences, John L. Lewis, in the future as in the past, will devote his efforts to making the CIO a mighty force for progress in our national life.

Invasion of Greece

GREECE is one of those little nations in southeast Europe whose name evokes memories of the classic age, of Byron's self-sacrifice at Hellespont, of the disastrous invasion of Asia Minor after the World War. Its mainland is rugged and mountainous and the larger part consists of islands and straits. Seven million people live in it, mostly peasants; the Greek working class has a militant tradition and a Communist movement which secured some fifteen seats out of 299 in the last election of January 1936. General Metaxas has ruled this country since his seizure of power on the eve of a great general strike four years ago this past August. For a long while Metaxas was oriented toward the Axis, but it appears now that he has declined to play the role the Axis desired. Italian troops are coming through toward Salonica, the important northern Greek port, from their bases in Albania, that Moslem nation which Mussolini grabbed off one fine Sunday morning in April 1939 while Mr. Chamberlain was fishing.

Greece has a good army, potentially a quarter million men. The entire male population over eighteen years of age has had military training, but Greek equipment is no match for the Italians. Short of a great popular movement developing into full guerrilla warfare, there is little the Greeks can do unaided. Moreover, Bulgaria may decide to choose the moment to regain the outlet to the sea of which she was deprived in the post-war settlement. Britain has a military commitment to Greece, and the British fleet was reported coming to her aid. Thus far, they have occupied the island of Crete but whether they can divert enough land and naval forces to really develop an eastern front against the Axis is open to question. Mussolini's purpose is transparent: he is seeking harbors and air bases from which to dominate the eastern Mediterranean and facilitate Marshal Graziani's drive into Egypt. Even more, Italy seeks to gain stepping stones to Syria, where, judging from last week's conferences in France, the Vichy government is giving the Axis a free hand. What is actually taking place, therefore, is the political and strategic isolation of Turkey from both the European and Near East approaches, all of which is part of the panorama which Joseph Starobin discussed in last week's and this week's articles in NEW MASSES. But if Greek resistance develops, and if Turkey is impelled to come to her assistance, there certainly are possibilities of a complete reversal in the whole southeast European picture, with repercussions elsewhere. The Axis might still be forced to pay a very heavy price for minor advances. But that remains to be seen.

Vichy Round Table

QUITE clearly, Herr Hitler and his vassal associates are developing a sweeping offensive: Vichy expects to bolster its position at home through concessions from the army of occupation while yielding in turn important bases in the Mediterranean. Spain will be expected to assist in the African campaign, giving up the important bases west of Gibraltar and perhaps islands lower down in the west African coast that dominate the Atlantic trade routes. Even Portugal and its colonial possessions may be involved. Beyond the immediate details, there was much speculation

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last week that German and Italian imperialism are about to confront their rivals in London and Washington with an offer of peace. From Winston Churchill's direct appeal for support within France and her colonies, from President Roosevelt's intercession with Petain, which obviously goes beyond the matter of French islands in the Caribbean, and from the ambassador Kennedy's return from London "with lots to say," it is clear that we are in the midst of decisive developments. Mr. Roosevelt has already committed himself to large scale support of Britain; the Axis is building up a very strong bargaining position in Europe, and unless he is ready to declare war, Roosevelt faces a crisis in American and British imperialist policy. The whole picture is an ugly one, with more ugliness yet to come. At such moments, a renewed conviction and activity in the struggle against capitalism—which is responsible for this nightmare—is the only recourse and inspiration of honorable men.

Remember Spain

THE United American Spanish Aid Committee has just published a pamphlet, entitled *The Spanish Inquisition.* It is a documented story of what Franco's victory has meant for Spain. It is a story that staggers the imagination, a frightful picture of the decimation of at least 800,000 human beings. This, according to the London *Times,* which supported General Franco, is the record of his murders thus far. Prices of elementary foodstuffs have risen, unemployment ravages the working class, at least 500,000 men and women are in prison; but seventy-five of the titled landlords of the former regime have secured the return of some 2,750,000 acres of land—land which the republic had given the peasants. Not the Communists alone, nor staunch republican protagonists of the republic are being arrested and sentenced daily, as in the case of Luis Companys, the Catalonian leader. But politically inactive folk, for example, a civil servant, like Fernandez Villaneuva, the sixty-year-old head of the Madrid Post Office, was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment for the crime of *continuing his work under the republic!* "It is for us," says this pamphlet, and we urgently second its message, for "the people who can still speak and make their voices heard in the halls of government to protest . . . against the terror in Spain." Telegrams and wires to President Roosevelt, to the State Department, to the Spanish embassy are called for, plus assistance to the United Spanish Aid Committee in its great work of rescuing Spanish anti-fascist prisoners from the concentration camps in France.

Six of One . . .

IT WAS the same Madison Square Garden, but a different Roosevelt. The very rafters must have felt the change. There he stood pea-shooting at the Republicans about what? About housing, relief, social security, collective bargaining? No—but about which party had been more eager to vote huge sums for war preparations. Think back to that night four years ago, to the famous "We have only just begun to fight" speech. The theme of that speech was not a piddling factional quarrel between Democrats and Republicans; it was the *people* against the economic royalists. Today Roosevelt boasts that the monopolists and war profiteers, du Pont and Morgan men like Knudsen and Stettinius, "are cooperating 100 percent with this administration in our efforts for national defense." But four years ago he boasted that "Those who stand to profit by war are not on our side in this campaign."

The two Madison Square Garden speeches symbolize the vast gulf between the New Deal of 1936, when it was the fulcrum of a developing progressive front for democracy and peace, and the Roosevelt administration today when it is vying with the GOP for the role of chief party of reaction and war. From the very outset of this campaign both Roosevelt and Willkie sought to evade the principal issue: war or peace for America. Willkie went out of his way to endorse the administration's foreign policy, while the President for weeks did not think it necessary even to discuss the record of his administration. But the people's passionate will for peace has partially broken through this conspiracy of silence and compelled both candidates to go through the motions of discussing what vitally concerns the overwhelming majority of Americans. It is significant that Willkie's campaign started moving out of the doldrums only when he began charging the President with being bent on war—though he approved every one of the administration's steps that is leading to war. This forced Roosevelt to revise his plans and inaugurate a series of eleventh-hour addresses in which he has protested his love of peace in tones quite different from his incendiary speeches earlier in the year. This is as dishonest and demagogic as Willkie's own claims that, if elected, he will keep the country out of war. Only two days before the Garden speech, FDR's Republican Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, who is given to talking out of turn, told a Chicago audience that the fleet the government is now building "is designed for defending America by keeping attack from our own shores and carrying it to the shores of the enemy." This kind of "defense" is merely a euphemism for old-fashioned imperialist aggression.

Half a Dozen . . .

WHAT has Wendell Willkie been offering during the closing days of the campaign? Willkie's speeches read so much like those of Landon's four years ago that were it not for the fact that millions have become disillusioned with Roosevelt because of his abandonment of the New Deal program, the Republican candidate would stand no chance. He is rehashing the old Landon charges of "state socialism" and "stirring up class hatred"—charges which are even more ridiculous today in view of the administration's eagerness to appease big business. At the same time Willkie, like Landon, is demagogically promising not only to maintain the social gains which the American people have achieved in the last few years, but to expand them (speech at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.). Just how Willkie spells "expand" was made clear two days later when he presented his housing program. At a time when more than ten million American families are living in houses unfit for habitation because private industry does not find it profitable to provide them with new homes, the GOP standard bearer declares that "the housing program in the main can be solved only by private enterprise."

Roosevelt or Willkie? It's six of one and half a dozen of the other.

Make Your Vote Count

NOVEMBER 5 will not truly register the Communist Party's electoral support. The forces of Roosevelt and Willkie have seen to that: their sabotage of free elections in Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York, and other states will inestimably lower the Communist ballot score. But no matter what the election returns, America can be proud of the Communist Party campaign. It has been a unique campaign in every vital respect. From the outset the Communists offered a people's program: against war and imperialism, against monopoly oppression; for security, peace, labor unity, genuine defense of democracy. On these aims, and methods of achieving them, the platform is specific and full. The moonbeam promises of the Democrats and Republicans, whose campaign checks are signed by essentially the same fat men, fall to pieces under their common drive toward war and all the menacing implications of a war economy. They can only shadow box and sham, falsify and counter-falsify. The Communists, basing their program on the people's needs and deriving their support from the dimes and nickels of the people, are under no compulsion save to follow and enlarge upon their own platform. Their campaign is one of true socialist education.

In courage and orderliness, the Communist

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campaign cannot be touched by any other. What the terrorism and illegality visited upon the party will cost it in votes will never be known. It has had to divert much of its campaign energy to the bare fight for recognition of its constitutional rights. Yet the record of activity in terms of speeches, literature, and canvassing is tremendously impressive. The very determination, so savagely expressed, of the two most powerful capitalist parties to prevent the people from voting for the Communist Party is a tribute to its meaning in American political life. Never has that meaning been so significant, so immediately and overwhelmingly important as it is in this year 1940. Remember that at the polls on November 5.

Profits of Death

TO AMERICA'S industrial rulers Mars is a benign sort of god, practically a patron saint in fact. A look at their ledgers helps explain why. The first 150 companies to report earnings for the first nine months of 1940 show total net incomes of $341,971,003, a 31.9 percent gain over the same period in 1939. Jones & Laughlin Steel increased its income by no less than 2,110.7 percent. Republic Steel gained by 224 percent; General Electric by 48.2 percent; Shell Union Oil, 87.9 percent; the Abitibi Power & Paper Co., 208.3 percent. US Steel, reports the *Wall Street Journal,* will probably have a net profit of between $65,000,000 and $68,000,000, as compared with $12,390,756 in the first nine months of 1939. General Motors' earnings for the third quarter of 1940 were nearly three times as much as in the same period last year.

The big papers, which report these profit figures far back in their financial pages, do not tell what percentage is derived from war orders. But the *Wall Street Journal* almost daily carries headlines announcing government contracts in the millions and tens of millions of dollars. The Department of Commerce disclosed on October 20 that *42 percent of our total foreign trade consists of munitions and war materials*. Last Friday William S. Knudsen, General Motors' gift to the National Defense Commission, met with the nation's leading auto industrialists in a closed session lasting five hours, after which he announced that the automobile companies would pool their production facilities in order to push the huge bomber program. The aircraft industry, said Mr. Knudsen, would soon sublet contracts to the auto companies amounting to about $500,000,000, for airplane parts and tooling. This pooling of production (and profits) is of course an undisguised monopoly practice.

Meanwhile, some 450 farmers and their families, near Wilmington, Ill., face eviction in order to make room for a $25,000,000 du Pont munitions plant. William Randolph Hearst gets $2,000,000 from the army for 154,000 acres of land to be used as a training ground. And organized labor still fights to force the withholding of contracts from employers that violate the federal labor laws (721 officers of AFL locals in New York have added their voices to the protest). One thing is certain: whatever other excuse these employers may offer for their lawbreaking, they can't plead poverty. Who was it, by the way, who once said in connection with this war: "No millionaires"?

Jim Crow in Sports

NEW YORK University students are up in arms over the proposed benching of Len Bates, Negro fullback, in the coming game with the University of Missouri. The students cannot understand why Bates, who is one of a long line of NYU Negro stars, should be made the victim of Missouri's racial bias; nor can they understand why NYU's tradition of fair play should now suddenly be forgotten. The sacrifice of Bates will not only make NYU a party to what is the antithesis of its traditions of sportsmanship, but it will also greatly cripple the Violets, depriving them of one of their best players. Actually this episode highlights a much deeper issue. For here in athletics is the same issue which Roosevelt raised when he proposed a Jim Crow army. Len Bates' fellow students, who are asked to see him discriminated against on the gridiron are also asked to see him discriminated against in the armed forces. The students' reaction to the Bates issue is a healthy one; it sets a pattern for all to follow who abhor such rank violations of American sportsmanship. More important, their action is an indication of how the people feel about the proposed Jim Crow army.

And in War

THAT the administration is aware of this feeling is attested by the promotion of Benjamin O. Davis, the army's highest ranking Negro officer, to the rank of brigadier general. The administration hopes to hush protests over its Jim Crow policies through this promotion. The fact is that the Negro general will be only a temporary embarrassment to the army's anti-Negro traditions: Davis reaches retirement age next July.

But the protest will continue. The promotion of even ten Negro generals would not end the administration's discriminatory policies, either in the army or in other government agencies. For while Roosevelt tries to buy thirteen million Negroes with one general, his man, WPA Administrator Colonel Somervell, is busy dismissing Negro workers from their jobs and is carrying a long standing policy of discrimination a step further by creating "lily white" projects which will bar Negroes completely. What such policies imply was put into words by Gov. Prentice Cooper of Tennessee who, in addressing a committee of Negroes concerning the draft, asserted that "this is a white man's country," that Negroes "had nothing to do with the settling of America." Cooper, who said nothing when Negroes who were attempting to register to vote were lynched in his state last June, threatened severe punishment for Negroes who made "trouble" over the draft.

Uneasy America

THERE is a sense of tragedy across the nation: America walks with a heavy heart. Nowhere was this more evident than in Grand Central station the other day when the folks saw the Twenty-seventh Division off for Fort McClellan, Ala. The weeping, the farewells, the mothers fainting, the fathers turning away, the sweethearts clinging to their men—this was a war scene. The folk in Grand Central were poor people; they came from the slums, from the proletarian districts. And their hearts told them their boys might be going away for more than the year—they might never come back.

The instinct of the people is deep, as true as life. They know something is wrong in Washington, that the fair words mask something they went through in 1917. They know the Roosevelt of 1940 is not the Roosevelt of 1936. They smell the powder in the air.

Seventeen million men are awaiting the results of the draft drawings; their families are on edge. The people are not fearful of war if it is their war—if it is to fight a common enemy. But there is much in the whole picture that disturbs them. If this all be for democracy, then why the draft boards of rich men? Why not their own class to judge their own fate? No, there is a great uneasiness across the land; a growing awareness of betrayal, a presentiment of death.

The Case of Samuel Darcy

SO MANY are the violations of civil liberties these days that one of the most important cases, that of Samuel Darcy, is in danger of being obscured. In 1934 Darcy was the Communist candidate for governor of California. He registered as a voter in March of that year, and, it was discovered later, made a minor error. Darcy remained in California for a year after the election. During that time no issue was made of the error. But five years later Darcy, who had become a resident of Pennsylvania, was suddenly wanted for extradition to California on charges of "perjury" in connection with his 1934 registration. At the request of the San Francisco Red Squad, Governor Olson of California signed the extradition requisition, while expressing "considerable doubt" of Darcy's guilt. Progressives of Pennsylvania and elsewhere fought the Darcy case through the courts, finally appealing to the US Supreme Court. Two weeks ago that court refused to review the case. Darcy may be imprisoned for fourteen years.

There were 250,000 fraudulent registrations charged in California in 1934; not one of them was prosecuted. From all the voters in that election, the Red-baiters selected only Darcy for hounding as a public enemy. For Samuel Darcy is the Communist Party secretary of eastern Pennsylvania. This is as clear-cut a case of political persecution as the Browder trial. Progressives can still stop it if they act immediately: wire your protest to Governor Olson and to Matthew Brady, district attorney of San Francisco.

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Readers' Forum

In Defense of Education

TO NEW MASSES: At the last session of the Legislature of the state of New York a number of measures were passed directing the Legislature to appoint committees to investigate the institutions and practices of the citizens of the state. Among these was one to investigate the public school system of the state and to inquire into the curricula of the different schools and the teachers of these schools. The history of the development of the fascist states in Europe shows that those who wish to gain control of the state and institute a fascist regime include among their activities attacks on the systems of education. Can it be that that history is repeating itself in this country? Can there be any purpose of this investigation other than to intimidate the public school teachers and ultimately to reduce our school system to one which indoctrinates the young with the fascist ideas of those who control the state? Why should there be such an interest on the part of certain legislators to bring about such an investigation? What background have these investigators? What ability have they to judge the public school system as an agency of democracy? Are they informed on what is needed to develop the minds, social habits, and attitudes of the children of a democratic state? In this present world situation there are powerful forces which seek to take advantage of the preoccupation of the American people with problems of defense in order to curtail education and other social services.

The American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, a national organization, is continually watching for evidence of activities which, if pursued to their ultimate end, will destroy our democracy. As chairman of the New York branch of this committee I have been deeply concerned with such activities in the state of New York. To counteract these influences the American Committee calls on all civic, fraternal, national, youth, and labor organizations and upon all parents and teachers to join with it in defense of our national educational program. A recent communication from this committee to the people of the nation calls attention to the following pertinent facts:

"Attacks on democracy, whether from within or without, must be met not only by military strength but also by strengthening and deepening the democratic process. Only a free people, possessing a truly democratic government which is responsive to their needs and aspirations, which recognizes the right of every man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and which devotes all its resources to the creation of the necessary conditions for the achievement of these aspirations, may hope to be impregnable.

"For more than a century public education has been basic to the development and growth of our national life. Partisan interests have always fought against it, as they have fought against direct universal suffrage, enlightened labor legislation, and similar elements of a democratic society. Even with the tremendous progress of past decades, public education must still be advanced. 'Although equality of opportunity is a fundamental tenet of our democracy,' the Senate Committee on Labor and Education reported a year ago, 'inequality of opportunity is at present the dominant characteristic of our educational system when viewed from the national standpoint.'

"Attacks on public education are now being redoubled. In many districts school budgets are being slashed without regard for educational or broad social considerations. Schools and teachers are often attacked with arguments designed to undermine public confidence in education. The claim has even been made that the American people are suffering from 'too much education.'"

The American Committee therefore proposes an eight-point program, as follows:

1. Maintenance of a democratic educational approach to school budgets: expansion of educational facilities where required in order to achieve genuine equality of opportunity as well as to meet the standards of sound educational practice; retrenchment only where it entails no reduction in educational services or efficiency (in the case of a declining school population, for example).

2. Equalization of educational opportunity for all children—free textbooks and other essential equipment, improvement in teacher training in the more backward regions, adequate transportation in rural areas, centralization of one-teacher schools, increase in budgets and training facilities for Negro schools, etc.—by means of federal aid and increased state aid.

3. Protection of intellectual freedom in education—the right of the teacher to exercise all the prerogatives of citizenship, including the right to speak freely and to join professional, social, or political organizations; the right of students to discuss controversial issues and to organize in groups for such discussion; freedom from political and religious controls or racial and sex discrimination in the selection of teachers and administrators and in the choice of textbooks and other teaching materials.

4. The establishment of a comprehensive program of child welfare as part of the school system, including health and recreational services.

5. Extension of adult education—evening schools, adult day classes, public forums, etc.—to increase the understanding of our civic, economic, and political life.

6. The extension of present facilities for vocational training with safeguards against the creation of a caste system and against its exploitation as the source of a cheap labor supply.

7. Increasing participation by teachers and parents in shaping the policy and program of our educational institutions.

8. Strict retention of our traditional separation of church and state in the interest of religious freedom and tolerance.

I appeal to all liberty-loving people to exert every effort to the furtherance of this program and to report to the committee any threats to our system of national education which come to their attention.

New York City. WALTER RAUTENSTRAUCH.

London under Bombs

TO NEW MASSES: Would the following letter from London interest your readers? I've just received it:

"If I am spared to live after this war, I feel I shall always hear sirens and four-engined Dornier bombers. Round and round the latter go, then a thud of bombs. Last night we had new AA guns. They were terrific. The noise is deafening but most comforting.

"I don't go out in the evening now, as I have had to return in the early hours of the morning. Once I spent the evening with the R—s. The raid lasted till 4:30 AM, when I wandered out trying to get a bus, and had to walk home. Another night I was in the cinema. The usual picture faded away, the lights went up, and the manager appeared on the stage and said that there was an air raid warning. We hurried home, in the pitch dark. All the lights were out and we mustn't use a torch. I got home at 1:30 AM.

"On Saturday I went to cook dinner for some friends. We were late starting as we were in the air raid shelter until 7 PM. We had just finished dinner when the guns began. Down in the shelter we went, and it was 5 AM before I left to go home. It was a lovely morning, a rosy light on everything.

"An air raid is going on now, but it does not seem to be as fierce as last night. I do hope there won't be many killed. The 'all clear' is like music to our ears."

New York City. VERNE LEE.

Mr. Wallace and Chickens

TO NEW MASSES: I have your request for renewal of my subscription at the old price before the new one goes into effect. A year ago in a similar situation I wrote you that I was broke, that despite the back breaking labors of farmer Wallace, the most of us poultry men went down and out due to high cost of feed and low price of eggs, although you New Yorkers, to whom we shipped our product, may not have noticed any great change in the price of hen fruit. This was a poultry district. We all made our living that way. We had our own Co-op store through which all our business was done. And now only a few still hang on, threatening to quit; our store has only a few workers where there were forty, and it is under threat of being closed out by the feed houses, to whom we owe $50,000. A fine spectacle of New Deal rehabilitation and capitalistic comeback is the sight of countless poultry houses empty, their owners on relief. And what "relief." Some of us who are old enough get pensions. I receive the immense sum of $11 a month. And for that I had to mortgage my home. My wife, still working part time in the store, makes about $20. On that sum they figure we can maintain the American standard of life.

I find NEW MASSES a rich source of information not obtainable elsewhere. I was a subscriber to the "old" and to the new one from its start, and I want to say that its progressive improvement down through the years has been delightful to witness. I am sure it will continue to give the best obtainable.

Lakebay, Wash. JAY FOX.

Every Saturday Night!

TO NEW MASSES: Just as an indication that the Carry On in Time of Crisis school of sybarites remains unshaken, I am sending you the following Bergdorf-Goodman ad clipped from the New York *Times,* chronicling "Xandra's Order of the Bath":

1. First you rise out of the foam like Venus (Xandra Sea Bath, $5.50).
2. Then rub briskly with Body Friction ($2.50).
3. Apply Body Lotion ($2.50).
4. Smooth with liquid Poudre Cologne ($3.50).
5. Dab on Body Sachet ($2.50).

And emerge from it all restored, scented, and a goddess [for just $16.50].

New York City. MARIAN FOSTER.

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Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls"

The author, Alvah Bessie says, has written a book about Spain without the Spanish people, and without illuminating the cause of the republic Hemingway championed.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, *by Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. $2.75.*

"NO MAN is an *Iland,* intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent,* a part of the *maine;* if a *Clod* bee washed away by the *Sea, Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy friends or of *thine owne* were; any mans *death* diminishes me, because I am involved in *Mankinde;* And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee.*"

This is the quotation from John Donne which Ernest Hemingway sets as a rubric for his new novel, and this is the touchstone by which that novel must be evaluated. Since we must assume that Donne was speaking of the universal brotherhood of man, of the inter-relationship of human life and its indivisibility, we have a right to expect that Hemingway's long novel of the war in Spain will illuminate that text and not obscure it, will demonstrate the novelist's realization of the significance of that war, and find him at the peak of his achievement. For that war, which Hemingway witnessed at close hand, is being revealed with every day that passes to have been a touchstone and a turning point in human history which those who had foresight in 1936 stated it would be: "the cause of all advanced and progressive mankind."

Ernest Hemingway's relationship to that war was intimate and varied. In many senses he was as much a participant as those men he knew and loved who now are gone—Lucasz, Werner Heilbrunn, and the many anonymous dead of the glorious Twelfth International Brigade. The novelist gave freely of his substance and his spirit in the cause of Spain; he wrote and he spoke and he acted. And he commanded the admiration and respect of the men of many nationalities who fought there and who knew his name. It was during that war that he wrote a novel that represented what should have been—and what many thought was—a transition book: *To Have and Have Not.* It was both interesting and inevitable that that novel should have been the first work from his hand that was *not* greeted with unanimous enthusiasm by the critical fraternity of the bourgeois press. For in its pages a new note had been sounded. The old Hemingway of the post-war what-the-hell-boys and the old let's-have-another-drink was gone. A new Hemingway made his appearance, a new theme emerged. Whereas in his short stories and in two previous novels the author had exasperated his most perspicacious admirers by his inconclusive treatment of the necessity for manliness and the pervasive horror of death, a maturing artist found another subject—the problem of making a living, the necessity for human solidarity. "One man alone ain't got," whispered the dying Harry Morgan, an honest man who had found that he could not feed his wife and children by honest labor. "No man alone now." He stopped. "No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody ——ing chance."

The critics deplored this new and serious note in their pet disillusioned author, an author they had praised for being above the political arena, who dealt with eternal realities in a "lean, athletic prose." It was whispered freely among these objective gentlemen that Hemingway was slipping; he was a member of the League of American Writers; he had discovered that non-existent figment of the Reds' imagination—the Class Struggle. But many who had thought Hemingway was dead (for more valid reasons) took new hope with the appearance in his work of this wider realization of man's humanity, this deeper understanding of his struggle. Sex and death were eternal verities, but it was not until 1937 that Hemingway discovered taxes. *To Have and Have Not* was a vastly imperfect work; the author's satirical treatment of the human parasites who lived on luxury yachts off the Florida keys was both brittle and jejune, and his old limitations were amply manifest: the interchangeability of his conversation; his feeble understanding of female character; his inability to fully explore and *plumb* character at all. For with the rarest of exceptions few characters that Hemingway has dealt with up to date have been more than pegs on which to hang those moods and intimations of mortality which have been the author's forte, and which reveal his greatest gifts.

That those gifts are considerable no sensitive person could doubt. He has an ear for the language (in dialogue) that is unique. No human being ever talked the way Hemingway's characters talk, but every word they speak makes the reader say, "How true to life." This is a real artistic triumph. This man can create moods and crystallize certain fundamental emotions in a way few writers have ever been privileged to achieve. And it is these moods and these emotions that the reader generally remembers, not the people who live through them—the futility of the life of the expatriate, his emptiness and his frantic search for a kick; the horror of the retreat from Caporetto; the loneliness that surrounds the death in childbed of the heroine of *A Farewell to Arms,* the brutality of *The Killers,* and the frustration of *Fifty Grand;* the loneliness and incongruity of drunkenness, and the sense of decay that pervaded all his work up to *To Have and Have Not,* where the wider significance of living made a momentary appearance.

Many expected that Hemingway's experience in Spain would so inflame his heart and his talents, that his long-announced novel of that war would be both his finest achievement and "the" novel about Spain. It is not. It is his finest achievement only in the sense that he has now perfected his extraordinary technical facility and touched some moments of action with a fictional suspense that is literally unbearable. But depth of understanding there is none; breadth of conception is heartbreakingly lacking; there is no searching, no probing, no grappling with the truths of human life that is more than superficial. And an astounding thing has happened, that anyone who was even remotely concerned with what happened in Spain will find almost incredible: Hemingway has treated that war (in an essential way) exactly as he treated the first world war in *A Farewell to Arms.* Touched in his own flesh and spirit by the horror of that first great imperialist conflict, struck into a mood of impotent despair by its utter lack of meaning and its destruction of everything all decent human beings value, Hemingway proclaimed the futility of life and love and happiness. He killed his heroine and in a memorable evocation of utter human loneliness, his hero "walked home in the rain." The *Farewell* was so bitter a condemnation of imperialist war that it aroused the ire of Archibald MacLeish, who found that it had been largely responsible for destroying the new generation's faith in its misleaders.

Let us examine *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* and see what the author (who only recently aptly replied to MacLeish) has done with one of the greatest human facts of our century—the two and a half years during which

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IF you want to know

Why nations are at war . . . why Wall Street and Roosevelt have buried the hatchet . . . why the Hillmans, the Greens, the Dubinskys, act as "labor spokesmen" for the White House . . . why Willkie has refused to put forward an opposition program for the Republican Party.

What compels the imperialist powers to take a desperate gamble and stake everything on a new world slaughter . . . what forces are gathering new strength each day in the struggle against imperialism and war . . . what is the final solution for problems of war and unemployment.

Where the real Fifth Column is to be found . . . where the people of nations under the heel of foreign powers are moving toward freedom . . . where the eyes of American war-mongers are turning in the scramble for new empires.

Who are the men and women who sit in elected office . . . who speaks for the people and who betrays them . . . who leads labor further along the road to an independent Third Party of the people . . . who blocks this road.

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the Spanish people held in check, with their bare hands, the forces of international fascism. His hero this time is Robert Jordan, American volunteer in Spain who is a *partizan* fighter—one of that small band of extremely courageous men who worked behind the fascist lines. Jordan is sent behind the lines again to blow up a strategic bridge—his signal for the explosion is to be the beginning of a government attack upon Segovia.

The action takes place in three days' time. Jordan makes contact with a group of Spanish *guerilleros,* meets a Spanish girl who had been captured and raped by the fascists, falls in love with her, makes his plans to blow the bridge—a difficult enterprise in which he fully expects to lose his life. His guerrillas attack the fascist garrisons, and he blows the bridge as what is to be a futile attack gets under way—for the fascists have learned of the plans for the offensive and are prepared to meet it. In escaping, Jordan's horse is wounded, falls upon the man, and breaks his leg. He is too badly injured to be carried, and must be left behind to do what damage he can with a light machine-gun, and then to end his life.

This is a story of action, and the action is fast and furious, fused with a suspense that is magnificently handled in every incident. But this is also *A Farewell to Arms,* slightly in reverse. For the total implication of the novel is, again, the necessity for virility, the pervasive horror of death, the futility—nay, the impossibility of love. Given only seventy-two hours in which to live, Robert Jordan must live his life within that span. He accepts that fate, but the reader's disappointment in his fate is Hemingway's disappointment with life—for there is no tragedy here, merely pathos. Here, again, are long and fruitless and somewhat meaningless disquisitions upon the significance of death and killing (in war, in murder, in the bullring, by accident, by design). Here again is the small and personal (and the word *personal* is the key to the dilemma of Ernest Hemingway's persistent lack of growth) frustration of the individual, and here again is the author's almost pathological preoccupation with blood and mutilation and sex and death—they all go together and are part and parcel of his attitude toward life, and they are the *only* facts of life with which he has consistently dealt. I do not mean to imply that these subjects are unworthy or incapable of profound treatment, singly or together; I do mean to insist that in Hemingway's hands they have never achieved the stature of universality, perhaps because Hemingway cannot see them in perspective, cannot see them more than sentimentally.

It must be clearly stated that Hemingway's position in this novel is unequivocally on the side of the Spanish people; there can be no question of his defection from that cause. It is, however, a tragic fact that the cause of Spain does not, in any *essential* way, figure as a motivating power, a driving, emotional, passional force in this story. In the

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widest sense, that cause is actually *irrelevant* to the narrative. For the author is less concerned with the fate of the Spanish people, whom I am certain that he loves, than he is with the fate of his hero and his heroine, who are *himself*. They are Hemingway and Hemingway alone, in their (say rather *his,* for Jordan is the mainspring of the narrative, and the girl Maria is only lightly sketched) morbid concentration upon the meaning of *individual* death, *personal* happiness, *personal* misery, *personal* significance in living and their personal equation is not so deeply felt or understood as to achieve wide significance. For all his groping, the author of the *Bell* has yet to integrate his individual sensitivity to life with the sensitivity of every living human being (read the Spanish people); he has yet to expand his personality as a novelist to embrace the truths of other people, everywhere; he has yet to dive deep into the lives of others, and there to find his own.

This personal constriction has long been evident and has made inevitable other aspects of Hemingway's personality that are, to say the least, reprehensible. I refer to his persistent chauvinism, as referred to the Italian people, and to women; to the irresponsibility he has shown in publishing in Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* such a story as *Below the Ridge,* a story whose implications gave deadly ammunition to the enemy—Hemingway's enemy, the fascist-minded of America; to the irresponsibility he demonstrated in permitting his play, *The Fifth Column,* to be mutilated and distorted out of all semblance of what he originally wanted to say, to the point where it was actually a slander of the Spanish people.

There are many references in the *Bell* to various political aspects of the struggle in Spain. And few of these references do more than *obscure* the nature of that struggle. Robert Jordan, his American anti-fascist fighter, wonders "what the Russian stand is on the whole business." If Jordan, who is pictured as an utterly inflexible anti-fascist, did not understand what the Soviet Union felt about Spain, surely his creator did and does. And just as in his story *Below the Ridge,* Hemingway's sins of omission in the *Bell* allow the untutored reader to believe that the role of the Soviet Union in Spain was sinister and reprehensible. For certainly he must himself know—and it is his obligation to clearly state—that that role was clear and well-defined, and so honest as to command the entire respect and adherence of the Spanish people, who hung banners in their towns which read: *Viva La U.R.S.S.; Mejor Amigo del Pueblo Espanol* (Long Live the Soviet Union, Best Friend of the People of Spain!).

Now this concentration, this constriction of Hemingway's indubitable genius, to the purely personal, has resulted in a book about Spain that is not about Spain at all! It has resulted in the intensification of his idiosyncratic tendencies to the point where he, an inflexible supporter of the loyalists and an avowed admirer of the International Brigades, can conceive and execute as vicious a per-

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sonal attack upon Andre Marty, the *organizer* of the International Brigades, as could be and has been delivered upon him by French fascist deputies themselves! This attack upon Marty, who is portrayed in the novel under his own name, and upon whom Hemingway exercises the presumption (both personal and artistic) of *thinking for him,* is entirely irrelevant to the narrative. To understand it at all, one would have to know, at first hand, the nature of Hemingway's personal contact with this man—a revolutionary figure of the first magnitude, organizer of the Black Sea mutiny of the French navy (an achievement that could scarcely have been conceived and executed by the criminal imbecile Hemingway portrays), a monolithic representative of the French working class, and the man who was the organizational genius and spirit of the Brigades Hemingway makes such protestation of admiring. Both as novelist and reporter Hemingway had an obligation to understand this man, whatever his personal experience with Marty, whatever his personal opinion of Marty's personality might have been. He cannot plead that his intentions in attacking Marty were good; that it was his honest conviction that Marty was a part of the incompetence, the red tape, and the outright treachery that strangled Spain, for such "facts" simply will not hold water; they are lies. And I am afraid that Hemingway will live to see his book hailed by our universal enemy *precisely because of* his attack upon Marty; I am afraid he will live to see every living and dead representative of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion attacked and slandered because of the great authority that attaches to Hemingway's name and his known connection with Spain.

Yet this man Marty is the man the author portrays as a fool, a madman, and categorically indicts as a murderer! And I wonder, when he wrote these pages, whether he considered for a moment that he was attacking him with the very terms that have been leveled at him by the French fascists who sold France down the river to Hitler. I wonder if he considered he was accusing him in the very same way and with the very same words that were used by American deserters who appeared before the Dies committee and attempted to smear the Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade, with the very words of the Hearst press which, throughout the war in Spain, characterized the Internationals as the scum of the earth, international bums, gangsters, and murderers.

This is the trap into which the individualism Hemingway's bourgeois critics so admired, has led a man who is still one of our most greatly endowed creative artists. For he has written a novel of Spain without the Spanish people, a *Hamlet* without the Dane. And he has forgotten the words he wrote earlier this year: "There are events which are so great that if a writer has participated in them his obligation is to try to write them truly rather than assume the presumption of altering them with invention." For the author

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of the *Bell* does not convince us, with this novel, that "any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde." He only convinces us—no matter how tenderly he may write of the love of Robert Jordan and Maria—that the imagination of his own death may yet destroy him as an artist.

It seems certain that Hemingway did not intend to write a *Cosmopolitan* love story against a background of the Spanish Civil War; yet this is what he has done. It is certain that he did not intend to slander the Spanish people or the Soviet Union; yet his method of telling the story has resulted in both. With minor exceptions, the Spanish people portrayed here are cruel, vindictive, brutalized, irresponsible. Throughout the long narrative there is evidence of much confusion: Hemingway praises the individual heroism of individual Communists, and impugns and slanders their leadership, their motives, and their attitudes. He admires the Brigades, and assails their leadership (and surely he knows enough about military affairs to realize that no soldier can fight well unless his officer commands his respect).

Already this greatly endowed writer, who on innumerable occasions has placed himself without equivocation on the side of the people against their enemies, has been readmitted by the most reactionary critics to the Valhalla of the Literary Giants. J. Donald Adams of the New York *Times* has forgiven him for writing *To Have and Have Not;* the defected liberal, John Chamberlain, absolves him for having (in the same novel) made "a common murderer of inferior sensibility and no moral sense whatever . . . do duty as a symbol of downtrodden humanity," cheers the fact that "If Archibald MacLeish still thinks of Hemingway as an underminer of the soldierly virtues he will have to change his mind," and becomes shrill with joy over the attack on Marty, Hemingway's "turn (ing) on the politicos of Moscow" and finally arriving at the point announced by John Dos Passos in *Adventures of a Young Man.* (This should be news to Hemingway, for Dos Passos ultimately became an avowed enemy of the republican government of Spain.) Edmund Wilson also points the Dos Passos parallel in the *New Republic,* lauds Hemingway for being more interested in "The *kind* of people . . . rather than their social-economic relations. . . ."

But this is strange company for a man like Hemingway, a man who transcended the futility created in him by the first world war, was vitalized, as a man and as an artist, by Spain; a man who won the respect and admiration of almost every International Brigade man who met him, and who gave liberally to these men of his own substance. For at the moment he is found in bad company; in the company of his enemies, and the people's enemies—clever enemies who will fawn upon him and use him, his great talents and his passion for the people's cause, to traduce and betray those talents and those people.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

From Reuters to the Sea

Daniel Todd reviews Hollywood's version of the British news agency and John Ford's "The Long Voyage Home." "Inside America" with the New Theater League.

REUTERS, as is pretty generally known, is the semi-official news agency of the British civil service. It is not official because top British civil servants are the world's most hypocritical people, and they don't like to function out in the open where other people can see them. Reuters is not a very reliable news service, except when it comes to spelling people's names. If you want to find out what is taking place in India, for example, there is no use going to Reuters. Reuters is an interested party, or at least a friend of an interested party. I am not going to give an expose of Reuters here, however, because it is practically indistinguishable from the British empire, and if you think the British empire is all right you will probably think the same about Reuters.

The story material in *A Dispatch from Reuters,* which celebrates this news agency, is the least likely of the season. Warner Bros. have a kind of master plot for their screen biographies, and after Zola, Pasteur, Ehrlich, and others, the story of Julius Reuter has few surprises. The way the Brothers do it is this: they first show a child growing up somewhere in Europe, and right away the child shows an interest in something out of the ordinary—say a common cold. He notices that all the people in his hometown go round half the winter with their noses stopped up, feeling miserable. Then he grows up to be Edward G. Robinson and after messing around in the laboratory for a few reels, he discovers a cure for the common cold, which none of the authorities in the medical profession will take seriously. They call it Edward G. Robinson's folly. He has acquired a rather plain wife by this time, and she gives him courage. At last the authorities have to admit that he really has discovered a cure for the common cold, and they apologize handsomely. He delivers a speech about freedom of scientific inquiry and the authorities look shamefaced.

Perhaps *A Dispatch from Reuters* follows this pattern a little too closely. The child, Edward G. Robinson, bumps into a courier for the London *Times,* and he is impressed with the romance of news gathering. Next thing you know, he is trying to persuade business men to subscribe to a stock quotation service supplied by carrier pigeon. The business men say it can't be done. Then when they cotton up to that idea, he produces another—carrying news by telegraph. Everyone says it's preposterous. Inasmuch as the audience already knows how both these matters are going to turn out, the suspense is terrible.

The picture would not be worth much comment if it weren't for the speeches in it about freedom of the press. It was released several weeks after the close of National Free Press week, when the subject of the free press, as you remember, called forth a great deal of oratory from prominent figures. *A Dispatch from Reuters* is a moving picture version of *Editor & Publisher's* special free press edition, and its spirited defense of a free press will in all probability not bowl anybody over. People are more knowing about the press than this picture gives them credit for being. They may not realize the full Pecksniffery of holding up Reuters as an example, but if the Warner Bros. think that after publishers have used the free press argument to get out of paying alimony, they can still fool anybody by that kind of talk, they are crazy.

Anyone who wishes a review of *Knute Rockne—All American,* which I have been disappointed in ever since it proved impractical to photograph Pat O'Brien wearing a halo, will please communicate with me directly, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

"THE LONG VOYAGE HOME"

Everything about *The Long Voyage Home,* directed by John Ford, reveals the fact that it was put together out of four separate one-act plays written years ago by Eugene O'Neill. O'Neill was never much of a hand at plots, and the nearest he got to a plot in this collection deals with a high-born Englishman who leaves his family because of the curse of Drink. That isn't the type of plot to which movie audiences are accustomed in 1940, and so John Ford and Dudley Nichols, his scenarist, arranged to have the tramp steamer on which the high-born Englishman is escaping from Drink sail a cargo of munitions through the submarine blockade to England. Such an undertaking, which is now a commonplace to British seamen, might appear to be dangerous and highly exciting. That it is not in *The Long Voyage Home* is due to John Ford's preoccupation with the atmosphere and mood of life at sea.

There is a great deal of conversation in the picture about the sea, but an oiler of my acquaintance assures me that present day seamen do not make a practice of lying around in the sun, remarking that land doesn't want them any more, and that the sea gets into their blood. The NMU, he reminded me, is one of the most militant American unions, and Joe Curran is running for Congress and putting up a good fight, too. Seamen do not get that way because of the eternal restlessness of the sea. Eating bad food and crowded into a forecastle with so many bedbugs that they once threw a seaman bodily out of his bunk, seamen talk politics, especially in a war zone. However, nobody talks politics on board the *Glencairn.*

This is a legitimate gripe. John Ford could have made a picture telling a story if he had wanted to. The suspense involved in sailing munitions through the English Channel would seem to be right up the alley of the director of *Stagecoach.* On the other hand, he could have made a realistic picture about seamen, which would not have been beyond the capabilities of the director of *The Grapes of Wrath.* Actually, except for one brief sequence when the ship is attacked by German planes, Ford forgets that the *Glencairn's* cargo is propellant powder, and except for another brief sequence during a storm the seamen do not appear to have to do any work. And the total lack of content in the picture makes Ford seem to dwell too long on his carefully composed shots of cobblestone waterfronts on a rainy night. Blame it on Eugene O'Neill.

DANIEL TODD.

"Inside America"

The New Theater League's revue is topical and ingenious.

IF YOU can spend 55c or 77c for a Friday evening's entertainment, it should find you in the Malin Studio Theater (135 West 44th St., NYC) enjoying the New Theater League's intimate musical called *Inside America.* It's a topical revue, presented by five talented and energetic young non-professionals, who nevertheless offer a highly professional show, worth twice the money.

The New Theater League's Friday evenings have been too sadly neglected by both the left wing press and its audience. This particular evening features some pretty clever political satire that you are unlikely to see elsewhere. Mel Tolkin and Reuben Davis, who should be remembered for their last revue, *We Beg to Differ,* are an accomplished pair in their field. Tolkin writes words and music, ingenious, delightful, topical; Davis does the sketches.

There are a few really hilarious numbers, and an unusually high percentage of good tunes. Number among them *Money Isn't Everything,* followed appropriately by *But It Helps; All's Well in the USA; Let's Have a Drag at That Too. Me Minus You* is a fresh love song that has Tin Pan Alley way

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ALVAH BESSIE.

Folk Music

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Earl Rogers' splendid tenor solo of "Poor Wayfaring Stranger," a spiritual which I feel to be one of the finest melodies ever conceived, was matched by Evelyn McGregor's singing of the hilarious "Springfield Mountain." Emile Renan, a marvelous baritone was all Irish in "Pat Works on the Railroad." Ruth Fremont sang admirably in "Link O'Day" and Eli Siegmeister's "Song of Democracy" brought the house down.

To Siegmeister, the director of the group, must go a large share of the credit. This young man, whose gifts are as diverse as they are fine, is rapidly becoming the outstanding authority on American musical folk-lore. For many years, he has tirelessly pioneered in assembling and popularizing the vast treasury of American folk music. By breaking through the tradition of concert halls which has consistently excluded folk music, he has won an important battle. Victor is releasing an album of ballads sung by his group and Howell Soskin is publishing his book which contains many of his collections and arrangements of folk songs. These are developments that cannot be overestimated.

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